

REFLECTIONS ON EUROPEAN MYTHOLOGY AND POLYTHEISM



VARG
VIKERNES

Reflections

on European Polytheism and Mythology
By Varg Vikernes

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Shadows amongst the Ruins

The European deities are treated very unfairly by the Christians who write or wrote about our mythology and religion. Some times because of ill intent, but most often because the Christians just don't understand them, what they are, what they represent or even what their purpose is. They call Freyja, our goddess of love and youthful health, a «whore» because they don't understand that she is not having many lovers; she is just a personification of the role of the wife. To call her a whore is no less stupid than it would be to call «Wife» a whore. Yes, wives sleep with many different men (their husbands), but each wife only sleeps with her own husband – so they are not whores.

The probably worst off in this context is still not Freyja, but the poor Loki, whom the Christians identified as «the devil» of Scandinavian mythology. Naturally these Christians were and still are unable to understand that other religions are in fact other religions and not just poor and delusional copies of their own magnificent Judeo-Christian cult. There is no “devil” in European polytheism, and why would we even need one?

Whenever a Christian writes about our European polytheism we see this. Loki becomes the devil, and his offspring different demons. Hel becomes a place for eternal punishment and damnation for sins committed in life. Âsgarðr becomes the Heavenly Paradise. Valhöll becomes the silly Paradise for those primitive barbarian warriors. The light elves become the angels (although, I can add that angels [Greek “messenger”] are actually also a pre-Christian thing; they were the messengers of the gods). The dark elves become the little imps. Baldr becomes Jesus Christ. And so forth.

The Christians blinded by their bible studies and other filters become completely unable to see or understand *any* aspect of European polytheism!

As a European polytheist I know that Loki is the anthropomorphised lightning of the sky.

Modern Scandinavian: Loke

Norse: Loki

Proto-Nordic: *Lukan

Indo-European: *Leuke

His name derives from the PIE root *luk- which means simply "lightning".

When our mythology talks about how he cuts the hair of the goddess Sif and because of that is chased by Þórr, a Christian will think he is a bad man, but I know that he is the god of fire (the fire being handed to man from the gods via the lightning), used in the agricultural technique of "slash & burn" (No. *sviþruk*), where they burned down the crops to fertilize the soil. After he did that, Sif, the goddess of the crops, grew even more beautiful and golden hair. In other words; crops. This was not surprisingly given to her by the dwarves/dark elves; the powers in the soil. When we know that Loki is the lightning and Þórr the god of thunder we also understand why he always chases Loki; if you ever see lightning in the sky you can be sure to shortly after hear the thunder. So the thunder chases the lightning.

In *Völuspá*, stanza 17 and 18, we learn that three gods gave life to some pieces of wood. Naturally this has been interpreted by the Christians as being "the creation myth" of Scandinavia, but it is no such thing. The stanzas talk about how the gods (i. e. actors impersonating the gods) symbolically revive the men and women who played the role of the Winter spirits in the yearly Ragnarök (our New Year's Eve). During this symbolic fight the Winter Spirit actors, known to us as Fenrir, is dressed in (mostly) wolf skins, and they are defeated when the gods (also just actors impersonating the gods!) rip their animal skins off and then trample on the skins – described in the mythology as the god Viðarr placing his boot into the mouth of the Fenrir wolf and ripping him apart. After this the Winter spirit actors pretend they are dead, and are carried by the gods to the sacrificial tree, where their human clothes hang. There they are given warm beverage and food, and they put back on their

clothes (their life force!) – by Óðinn, Hlôðurr (Þórr) and Hoenir (Freyr). They are symbolically brought back to life.

The Ragnarök is an annual event, that we still celebrate, every single year, and we even do it in a very similar fashion; we light bonfires and do our best to make as much noise we can. This was done to scare off the Winter spirits, so that Summer could return, by lighting bonfires and torches, by setting fire to wheels and let them roll down hills, with sparks flying everywhere, and so forth. Today we also use fireworks.

The deities are killed, but they return every year, like they have always done, so this is no big deal. That is what the Christians fail to understand; rebirth, reincarnation. Which by the way is funny, considering how their "saviour" himself was supposed to have returned from the dead.

There is no creation myth in Scandinavia! The Christian Scandinavians really wanted there to be one, because they had this perception that every advanced religion must have a creation myth, and they – after all – wanted their forebears to be advanced, so they desperately twisted and turned everything, and thus found their "creation myth" in *Völuspá*. But like I said it is not a creation myth, and there is no creation myth in the European religion because the European world view is not linear – with a beginning and an end. It is instead circular, with no beginning and no end. Time, space, life and so forth are all eternal. Even to non-Christian modern men this is hard to grasp, because we have been deluded by the "Big Bang" nonsense, which is basically just the science-religion's attempt to justify the Judeo-Christian creation myth.

When I – arrogantly as some have claimed – said in the foreword to my book *Sorcery and Religion in Ancient Scandinavia* that there are no good books (at least not in English, German or Scandinavian) out there about our mythology and religion, to some degree save *The Golden Bough*, by the anthropologist Sir James Frazer, this is what I mean; just about everything we know about our mythology from these

books is seen through dense Judeo-Christian filters and interpreted in a Judeo-Christian light, it is twisted and distorted, and is unrecognisable. The only alternative we have had to this terrible perspective is the equally terrible feminist perspective, which is no less Judeo-Christian and no less ignorant – and their sole purpose it seems is to find evidence of “woman power” in our European polytheism. The poor Freyja and other goddesses too becomes misused again and turns into “The Mother Goddess” of some horribly absurd matriarchal society (with no roots in *real* matriarchies whatsoever) *ruled* by women.

We are at a loss here. The books we read about our own culture fill us with lies and misconceptions, they distort the facts and turns our European polytheism into some sort of “Christian light” religion for nihilists, feminists and other mislead individuals. We see the ancient flower meadow in front of us, but when we run happily into it with open arms we trip and fall into a reeking bog. Another reeking bog created by “the enemy”, often by help of their many deluded straw men.

So do *not* trust the books you read about our mythology. Do *not* trust what they say about our pre-Christian Europe. Do not trust *anything* they say! Most importantly; do *not* build your character and mind, your belief system and your rites on what these Judeo-Christians say about our mythology!

In this book, I will show you the true face of our forebears, and their roots – the Ancient Bear Cult of Europe!

I often hail Ôðinn, and I do not because he is “the true god”, a European Jehovah, or anything like that, but because he is the god of the mind, of inspiration, of fury and our spirit. He is the force that makes me write these posts. So again; HailaR WôðanaR!

Beyond the river Ifing

The world of the ettins is in Scandinavia called *Jötunnheimr*. *Jötunn*, English ettin, derives from proto-Germanic **etunaz*, and this word means «the hungry», «the gluttonous» and «big eater». *Heimr* means simply world. So this is the world of the gluttonous powers, the big eaters, but also of the uncontrollable forces of nature, like the power of growth in the wilderness, erupting volcanoes, and the ice and stone asteroids threatening to change life on Earth. The peasant cultivates his land, but must fight the ettins constantly, or else nature takes back what has been cultivated by him. Wild herbs and eventually trees will start to grow in what used to be a field. The forest will prevail over the field; the ettins will win unless the peasant works hard to prevent this.

The ettin is not a name for a different race or anything like that. It is a power of a certain type, wild and some times wonderful, untameable and uncontrollable, and this power can be found in nature, but *also* in *us*. The opposite of this ettin power when it operates in us is what we would call *moderation* or *temperance*. So the European polytheist is a Stoic, with moderation and temperance as supreme ideals against a wild and untameable ettin power. He knows that he must not allow the ettin power to prevail, he knows that he must work hard to keep the ettin power at bay *and* he knows that he is *a God* (or *a Goddess*) and *not* an ettin!

Yes, this is a struggle between the Gods and Goddesses in us and the ettin powers that try to force their way into the land of the Gods and destroy them. There is no malice in what they do, no “evil” intent, just nature – nature as it is supposed to be like.

We can banish our deities by letting nature prevail, but we can also preserve, cultivate and strengthen the power of the Gods in us through – amongst other things, but still most importantly – *temperance* and *moderation*. Eat, but don’t eat too much. Drink, but don’t drink too much. Sleep, but don’t sleep too much. Have sex, but don’t have too much sex.

The deities are real, in us, the powers of love and beauty, of harmony and splendour, but if they are defeated and replaced by the ettin power we become ettins ourselves; greedy, gluttonous and obese, drunken, ignorant, lazy and truly sub-human. If we on the other hand fight the ettin power we not only remain human, we can even become true Gods and Goddesses on Earth!

Not all deities are of the exoteric type, though; some are more mysterious and wield sorcerous powers; Mâni (Moon) and Ôðinn (Mind) the sorcerers are good examples. The latter travels to the realm of the dead, learns the secrets of the past as he falls down and is re-born again. He travels in the mind and spirit, he thinks and reasons, contemplates and grows stronger and wiser for each incarnation. He too can be strengthened in us – and again – mainly by temperance and moderation.

In Vafþrúðnismâl we learn that;

15. "Say, Riddle-reader! Since on the floor
thou fain wouldst show thy skill,
how the River is called which parts the realm
of the Jötun kin of the gods.
[Ôðinn answers;]

16. The River is Ifing which parts the realm
of the Jötun kin from the gods;
free shall it flow while life days last;
never ice shall come over that stream."

The river Ifing is what parts the realm of the ettins and the realm of the gods. The name can have several meanings, but the most probable would be "Undertaking" or "Action". Only what *you* do will prevent the powers of the ettins to take over in your life, and you need to do something to keep them out from your divine realm! Work hard, or else the wild forest will take back the land you have cultivated! Work hard, or else your divine and glorious mind will be darkened and slowed by the gluttonous ettin powers. Master and control "sorcerous powers" and be a God or a Goddess, not a degenerate sub-human wallowing in all the gold and physical pleasures of the

world. The fair man has a potential others can only dream of. Use your potential; become divine! It is all in your power to do so; cast aside the ettin powers and hail the European deities! Smash the head of the worm and throw it into the abyss!

Such is the philosophy of Ancient Scandinavia.

The Vanir & the Æsir

One of the to many most confusing aspects of the Scandinavian mythology is the talk of different kins («races») of deities; the *æsir* and the *vanir*. Some of the deities are even said to be of ettin stock. Naturally the anti-European multi-culturalists use this to argue that the gods were «race mixed» and that our religion was a mix of different religions.

To understand the language of the mythology you naturally need to know the language, or at least be in possession of a Norse dictionary and also the wits to use this dictionary.

The term *æsir* is a plural form of *âss*. This Norse word derives from younger proto-Nordic **ansuR*, which in turn derives from older proto-Nordic **ansuz*, which in turn derives from the PIE root **and-/ans-*. This proto-Indo-European root translates simply as «spirit» (also seen in Norse *önd* [«spirit»]). So the *æsir* were spirits, and more precisely the spirits defined at a later stage as deities.

The term *vanir* is a plural form of *vanr*. This Norse word derives from younger proto-Nordic **wanaR*, which in turn derives from older proto-Nordic **wanaz*, which in turn derives from the PIE root **wan/wen*. This PIE root translates simply as «beautiful». So the *vanir* were spirits/deities seen as particularly beautiful. They were Freyr (*Fraujaz), Freyja (*Fraujon) and their mother Nerþuz (a goddess who by the time of the Viking Age had turned into a god instead, Njörðr).

The Roman name for Freyja was Venus («the beautiful»), and naturally her name derives from the same PIE root **wan/wen*.

To understand what this means we must first of all remember the Greek myth about Paris and him being tasked with giving an apple to the most beautiful of the goddesses. He naturally gives it to Aphrodite (the Greek Freyja/Venus).

The myths (Völuspâ stanza 21 to 24) tell us the following;

21. «She remembers sacred folks
first (best) in the world,
they the golden horse
pierced with a spear
in the hall of the tall (i. e. Óðinn)
they burned her;
three times they burned her,
three times, she was born,
often, and not infrequently,
but she still lives.»

This is however not a verse about a «witch» being burned on a fire three times, as claimed by scholars, but a description of the slash-and-burn technique used in agriculture. The sacred folks who are best in the world are the winners of the yearly May contests, best known from Greece as the Olympic games (one of *four* such Greek games) and in its degenerated forms from the Middle Ages as Knights' Tournaments. We by the way also still have these games as children's games in the 17th of May celebrations in Norway. The female winner of these games (selected because of her beauty, by means of an apple, as described in the myth about Paris and Aphrodite) pierced the field with a sacred bough (a wand); she sowed and watered the fields, to make the crops grow. The seeds were placed in the dark soil; in the realm of death (Óðinn's hall). When they burned «the golden horse» (the yellow crops) it fertilized the soil, and they could grow crops the next year in the same field. This went on, over and over again.

22. «Fair/light was her name
wherever she went,
a chosen woman good at predictions,
she performed sorcery,
she knew the customs
she played with the customs
and was always well regarded
amongst ill women.»

The beautiful May Queen, who had received the apple from the winner of the men's contests is here described. She was skilled with sorcery (medicine) and naturally popular with the sick individuals she visited and healed. She knew the customs and mastered them better than everyone else.

23. «Then all the powers went
to the seats of the end (i. e. the grave)
the sacred gods, and agreed;
either the spirits would
suffer losses
or were all the gods to
own party/feast (strive).»

The people (the gods) went to the mound and hoped that they had chosen the right queen, and had found the right king. It would be a good year if they had, or a bad one if they hadn't.

24. «Óðinn launched
his spear into the crowd,
of sacred individuals
the best/winners of the world;
the wooden wall was broken,
the yard of the spirits,
the beautiful predicted the outcome of the battle,
they stood ready on the battlefield.»

On New Year's Eve the sorcerers were symbolically hanged in the ash trees, wounded by spearheads. Heimdallr blew the horn so that the mound was opened up (i. e. the gate in the picket fence surrounding the burial mound was opened) and was ready to accept the "gods". The beautiful sorceresses

knew what was about to happen and prepared for the inevitable Ragnarök. This I may add is not a battle between gods, but a battle fought by the gods against the ettins. There was no war between two different «kins» of deities.

Then we have the issue with hostages being exchanged after the "battle" (contest). Njörðr is given as hostage to the *æsir*, but remember that Njörðr is really a goddess, Nerþuz, and she is the mother of Freyja – the current winner of the beauty contest. Nerþuz is the last year's winner, and when she lost to a woman deemed more beautiful than her she returned to the flock of *æsir*, and was therefore admitted amongst the *æsir* again. Yes; *again*, because she was also one of them *before* she had been seen as the most beautiful (before she became a *vanr*).

Hönir («lure [with singing]») and Mímir («memory», «reminiscence») is said to be given as hostages to the *vanir*, but Hönir is just another name for Freyr, so he is simply the new winner of the May contests (replacing last year's winner). He *becomes* Freyr, so he becomes one of the most "beautiful"; a *vanr*. Without Mímir (the wisdom of the past) he is a worthless leader though, as pointed out in the myths.

The last year's male winner does (unlike the last year's female winner) *not* return to the flock of *æsir* though, because he was *symbolically killed* by the new winner. In order for his "sorcerous force" to be transferred to the new Freyr he is symbolically executed by him. Yes; 'human sacrifice'... The May King and the May Queen; the winners of the May contests; Freyr and Freyja.

By the time of the Viking Age the new winner slashed an idol with his sword – to symbolically kill him. The idol was in form of a *pillar*, such as the famous Irminsul of the Saxons. When he did this, and took over the role of the old May King (or father of the house) he had to make a promise (known in Norway as a "*Brageløfte*" ["a winner's promise"]) to embark on some heroic quest or to perform some other heroic action; he then slashed the idol as he did, and the larger the cut was, the better his power as a king would be.

Now, slashing a wooden idol with a sword like that quite often causes the sword to get stuck, and if the May King didn't succeed to draw the sword from the idol (using only his sword arm when he did) he would lose his title! If he did the man who came in second place in the May contest would be allowed to attempt to draw the sword, but if he did he then had to do what the winner's had promised to do when he slashed the idol – such as e. g. unite England under his rule... If he too failed the next one in line could try, and so forth. The one who successfully pulled the sword from the idol would be, they claimed, chosen by the spirits to be the May King.

If you haven't figured out where I am going by now you really need to read more about our own culture. Yes, this is the true origin of the myth about Arthur Pendragon and the sword that is stuck in the "stone" (an idol)...

There was no war between different kins or races of gods, there was no divine "race mixing" or anything like that. Everything in our mythology stems from our people. Everything is in accordance with our religion. Everything is European! The good forces are called *æsir*, and when they win the May contest the *vanir*, and the powers they try to stop, some times destroy and most often at least control are the ettins. All these powers are in us human beings, in men and women, boys and girls, old and young. We are them; they are us. Just make sure you cultivate the good and suppress the bad, that you open your heart and eyes to the light and close everything to the darkness – save when you need it. Alas! Yes, we need the ettin powers too, when we need our fury, our brute force, our hatred, our anger, our stubbornness, our brutality, our cruelty and our ruthlessness.

Finally, remember, and remember well, that there is no "salvation" but the Glory and Righteousness you yourself ensure for yourself. There are no "sins" or "shame", only Honour! There is no "Hell" or suffering in death, only *eternal rebirth for the Honourable*, in the kin, the tribe, the people, the race and the species.

Hygieia

Because of their pseudo-scientific evolution religion most modern men think of themselves as the peak of evolution, and they think of all men who lived in the ages before this age as inferior; less evolved, less intelligent, more ignorant and so forth. It is hard to avoid these ideas in our age, because they are so dominant, so much propagated and so rarely questioned. So let us question them....

The first common mistake most modern men make is to assume that the ancients were so filthy all the time, and therefore perished *en masse* because of tiny infections and perhaps also illnesses that we would not suffer our deaths from today, because of our good hygiene. However, hygiene is not only something modern man is very passionate about, it is also a word based on the name of the Greek-Roman goddess of health, cleanliness and sanitation; Hygieia. She in turn was the daughter of Asclepius, the god of medicine, and Epione, the goddess of soothing of pain. The Scandinavian Hygieia would be Heimdallr. Asclepius would be Baldr/Bragi and Epione would be Íðunn/Nanna. So these are not only Greek or Roman deities. They were found all over (the biological) Europe.

Naturally, cultures with deities for health, medicine, cleanliness, sanitation and the soothing of pain are hardly very filthy, ignorant and smelly, or likely to gain an infection every time they cut themselves on some thorn in the forest. In Rome and Greece they had baths, even public baths, and in Scandinavia they had an entire week-day dedicated to this sole purpose, of cleaning, washing and tidying up. The Saturday in Scandinavia is because of this called *lørdag*, from Norse *laugardagr* («washing day»).

So, *Christianity* is the root of all these negative views on our forebears, because when Europe descended into the spiritual darkness of Christianity it did indeed also degenerate into one big cesspool, one big sewer of filth and stench, and it didn't escape this sewer until during the Renaissance (i. e. the start of a re-introduction of also the hygiene of the pre-Christian Europeans). Christians often fail to understand that there was

something before Christianity, and the modern world is based on their world view, so they do think of their forebears as filthy degenerates.

We are not retarded though, so we should manage to think longer than this, and realise that the ancient European man was indeed a healthy, clean and well groomed individual. Intelligent and knowledgeable. Strong and brave. European!

The Lord of the Elves

The moment when I first understood what the elves really represented came to me when I read a book, *Fedrekult* («Ancestral Cult»), published in 1943 in Norway, by Otto Emil Birkeli. In his otherwise rather bland book he states that the elves were originally the spirits of the dead.

The term elf itself means simply «white», as seen from its etymology; Norwegian *alv* («elf») derives from Norse *alfr*, from younger proto-Nordic **albaR* from older proto-Nordic **albaz* from the proto-Indo-European root **alba-*. (Like in Albania and the Italian town Alba.)

The spirits of the dead were possibly called white because the dead were buried in white clothes, or more likely because they were the (by death) purified and thus innocent (again), waiting near the burial mound, behind the fence separating the world of the living (outside the graveyard) from the world of the dead (the graveyard) – the land of the elves, where no trees are cut and where no animals graze. Here they wait for the opportunity to be reborn in the kin.

In the Scandinavian tradition there are two kinds of elves though; the light elves and the dark elves. The latter is also known as the dwarves. The light elves resided in the light, in the meadows and trees under the Sun, so they were called light elves, but what about the dark elves? Who and what are they?

The name itself is a bit confusing; «dark» and «white». However, as we all know the bodies of the dead are, well; dead pale. And these dead pale bodies reside in the darkness of the burial mound. So they are dark elves.

The dark elves are like I said also known as dwarves (No. *dvergr*). This word is a bit more tricky to translate, but if you look at the feminine version of it, *dyrgjá*, it all becomes clear; *dyrr* («door») and *gjá* («opening in the ground»). As we know the pale bodies of the dead are located behind that door opening in the burial mound, the ground. So that makes sense after all. They too are white (pale), and they reside in the burial mound.

Dwarves are said to produce and also possess much wealth. This too makes sense, because the dead were buried with all their valuables, and when the myths tell us that this or that item was crafted by the dwarves, what they really meant was that the item had been made by some forebear, and had then – when the same person was reborn in the kin – been collected in the burial mound for use in what would then be the «afterlife» of that forebear. He had been reborn, and naturally collected what was essentially his – from the burial mound housing his former body. So they were made by the dwarves; the dead forebears. This also explains why so many burial mounds have been «robbed» of all their valuables. Of course they were; whenever a person was reborn – or was seen as having been reborn anyhow – he collected what was his valuable possessions from his former life.

So an elf is either an immortal spirit of a dead nobleman, or the rotting body of a dead nobleman.

However, the elves are also known to be excellent archers and very good at hiding in the forest, and some think of them as equipped with wings too – although they are then often called fairies or fey creatures instead. This would explain why the *Aurora borealis* is in Scandinavia called both «the road of the bees» and «the dance of the elves». The elves were said to take physical form of bees – logically enough, considering how common they are in flowery meadows – and this would explain their «archery» (bee stings) and their excellent hiding skills.

Even whilst dead, the dead family members were seen as a part of the family. They placed images of them in the house during high festivals, to allow them to participate. The church naturally wanted to end this European custom, which prevailed in Scandinavia well into the 19th century actually, and therefore propagated strongly against it; the elves were not the spirits of the forebears, they said, but demons and devils! They painted a picture of the beautiful elves as a.... yes; a kobold, a goblin, a hobgoblin, a demon! It was no longer a lovely, immortal, beautiful, wise and noble spirit, a forebear waiting to be reborn in the kin, but a petty demon, ugly and cruel, vile and foul, twisted and tortured, coward and bloodthirsty, untrustworthy and utterly evil! A *Satanic* creature!

To me only the beauty of European polytheism remains; the kobold and the other Judeo-Christian perversions of our elves are gone. They have been exposed to the Sunlight, we can all see what they are really like, so now they are gone; vanished in thin air. The beautiful elf alone remains – and the dwarf. HailaR FraujaR; The Lord of the Elves!

Divine Light

Trees and herbs were also seen as in possession of the divine; they housed the spirits/gods too. Þórr resided in the oak tree. Óðinn in the ash tree. Sunna (the Sun) in the apple tree etc. Further, they were believed to reside in several different trees; e. g. Sunna's temple was built around or near a tree sacred to Sunna, such as the acacia (*acacia*), the orange tree (*citrus sinensis*), the birch (*betula*), the beech (*fagus sylvatica*), the oak (*quercus*), the apple tree (*malus sylvestris*), the hazel (*corylus avellana*), the laurel tree (*laurus nobilis*), the stone pine (*pinus pinea*), the populus (*populus*), the rowan tree (*sorbus aucuparia*) or the lemon tree (*citrus limon*).“

The spirits/gods were so important for the properties of these plants that when the ancient sorcerers cut them down, for use in potions, they used only special, sacred knives or sickles for this purpose; known best as the golden sickles of the druids,

and in Scandinavia for their rune carvings spelling the word *linalaukaz* ("white linen clothing flower meadow"), suggesting the herbs were gathered (as we know they were by the druids) from the meadows in white linen clothing – to make sure they were not "relieved" of their sorcerous powers by contact with the soil or anything else impure.

Now, some spirits are weak, others are strong, but they all come from the Sun; all life on Earth is "caused" and maintained by the Sun! So everything that has been granted life by the Sun has been granted a spirit of some sort, a spark from the Sun. A tiny bit of the Sun on Earth. Warmth. Light. Yes; light...

This may sound fantastical, but it is actually what happens in real life; the warm light of the Sun is the direct cause of all life on Earth, whether or not we think of this as spirits. This light is then changed over time as it is continuously fed by more light from the Sun. Even if you burn the wood, in your fireplace in complete darkness inside a stone house, this is still light that stems from the Sun, because the trees too have their light from the Sun. Everything on this planet does!

Well, perhaps not everything, because we are indeed influenced in this context not only by our Sun, but also the stars (other Suns) and the reflection of Sunlight/Starlight from other celestial objects – such as Mercury (Loki), Venus (Freyr), the Moon (Máni), Mars (Tyr), Jupiter (Þórr), Saturn (Heimdallr), Uranus (Óðinn), Neptune (Njörðr) and even Pluto (Hel). And of course the light reflected by our own planet Earth (Jörð).

The trees and other plants would also be shaped by this light. Perhaps they knew or just believed that some trees and plants were able to accept and store the light (and warmth) of one or more celestial light sources better than the others. The oak tree the power of Þórr (and Baldr, and Sunna...), for example. Because of this they became the shapes of those deities or spirits. Their attributes.

The most important deities of our forebears were not, like many believe today, Óðinn or Þórr, but the Sun and the Moon. Even during the Viking Age the Sun and the Moon remained the most important deities – although often in the background; like a King and Queen watching over their court. They were the most important sources of light. The Sun during the day, and the Moon during the night. The Sun worship was linked to mountains and the Moon worship to sacred sources – reflecting the light of the Moon. The by far most common names in Norway support this too, and these names always come in pairs; the Sun and the Moon. Like *Solberg* ("Sun Mountain") and *Skadvin* ("Meadow of Skaði") or *Skadvatn* ("Lake of Skaði"), always located very close to each other. The whole Scandinavian peninsula is even named after the Moon goddess Skaði (originally a god called Skanþan) of hunting; Skanþanawio ("Skanþan's Land by the Sea" or "The Islands of Skaði").

Light does influence not just our physical bodies, but also our minds. The European pantheon could then very well be a carefully investigated and categorized list of divine (light) influences on the human mind. Our behaviour and our blood (genetic makeup) allow us to accept more or less light from the different deities, to strengthen this or that deity in us much or little.

Hamingja

Hamingja in Norse means «luck», but first and foremost *vardøger* or *fylgja* («follower», in the meaning «guardian spirit»). A *vardøger* is a «double» which precedes a person wherever he goes. This spirit is some times seen by other people well ahead of the actual arrival of the person concerned. The direct translation and the original meaning of *hamingja* on the other hand is «one who walks in *hamr*». The *hamr* is the shape, the form, of the person.

So who is it that walks in shapes and forms? And what shapes and forms are we talking about here? The myths tell us that the gods could put on different shapes and thus change into them;

birds, snakes, insects, oxen, wolves and so forth. So they too "walked in shapes".

First though, *who* or *what* walks in shapes? The answer is of course our spirits. You are born into a shape, you live (walk) in this shape and then you die. You are then born again, into a new shape, and you live (walk) again and you die again. And so it continues, possibly for all eternity. So our spirits are immortal entities who just change shapes every now and then; *we* are the ones who walk in shapes! The gods are us, and we are them, and just like the Greek philosophers generally speaking believed; we can walk in all kinds of shapes. From the lowest of creatures (bugs, worms) to the highest of creatures (gods), and in everything in between too. If it is physical and if it has life it is a vessel of some sort of spirit.

We must continue to ask questions though; what then is a "spirit"? The spirits and deities also were said to take the form of trees and other plants, and as explained all life is caused by light. So it would be correct to call our spirits and deities simply by the name "light". Or perhaps light elves would be better? White light! So the true you is white light walking in shapes.

However, our most noble and highly intelligent forebears claimed that you could add to this light yourself. You could feed it, nourish it and make it greater! Like you can with a rumour! Like you can with your Honour! On a spiritual plane your Honour will also light up the world for others; inspire them, strengthen them in their resolve, comfort them when they are in trouble and help them find the way through the darkness of our world. We know this is true. We still grow from the light created by our long gone Heroes and Heroines; Marcus Aurelius, Tore Hund, Decebalus, Vercingetorix, Arminius, and so forth. Their light is still here; shining, warming and illuminating. They are still here, with us, in us, feeding us spiritually, giving us metaphysical nourishment.

So the *hamingja* is not just your luck in life, but it *is you* and the sum of all your Honourable achievements, and also of all the

Honourable achievements of your forebears that you have been spiritually nourished by. You can let it wither and fade, through a modern life of shame, that will bring no light to it and only smite it, or you can do as our forebears did and strive for a life of Honour and Glory! A life of Immortal Fame! Be the spiritual light that will nourish your descendants in the future, or cease to be when you die.

Hâvamâl, stanza 76

"Cattle die,
friends die,
you die the same way yourself;
but I know one thing
which never dies:
an honourable reputation."

Guardian Elves

Many think the concept of angels and guardian angels is a Christian concept, but it is far from that. Even the term angel itself stems from Ancient Greece and means simply «messenger». The angels were the messengers of the gods, like the Scandinavian light elves too often are depicted as. I will be so bold as to claim that angel is the Greek name for a light elf guardian.

A light elf guardian was in Ancient Scandinavia called a *fylgja* («follower», «guardian spirit»). This was a spirit following you wherever you went, removing obstacles in your way, helping you find your way and avoid getting lost, protecting you from injury and death, from eating poisonous food and drinking bad water, from dangerous predators and so forth. It was your guardian angel. Some claimed that the *fylgja* even walked before you, in front of you, to spot any traps and harm before it could affect you. They were then, when seen by others walking before you, called *vardøger* («watchmen», «guardians»).

The image of a beautiful (always female) elf following you and watching over you is rather romantic, but the idea stems from the belief in *hamingja*; your *fylgja* is basically just your anthropomorphized *hamingja*. This would also explain why

hamingja is often translated as meaning *fylgja*. Only your Honour can really protect you from the ills of this world. Not only directly, but also in the sense that the Honour will ensure your spiritual survival and immortality no matter what happens to your physical body (shape). *Nothing* can harm the honourable! No death, no pain. Only dishonourable behaviour can, because it takes away the Honour of the person. Honour is all that matters in the long run.

When our enemies attack us with lies and false rumours they attack our Honour, because they have understood that this is the way to destroy Europe; they falsify everything that is ours and they spread only lies about our forebears. The competent, well groomed, clean, strong, brave, intelligent, knowledgeable and Honourable Ancient European is presented as an incompetent, half-naked, filthy, weak, coward, stupid, ignorant and dishonourable savage. Everything European is spat upon and ridiculed, stolen or shown in a wrong light; shown in Judeo-Christian darkness.

There is one good thing about this though; you only need a single light to banish the darkness, and not even all the darkness in the world can extinguish one single light. Ladies and gentlemen; bring back your light elves, your followers lighting up the world for you, and never be afraid to walk straight through the Judeo-Christian darkness ever again, and banish their darkness as you do, safely and proudly! Hail the Light Elves! Hail and Glory!

Valhalla Awaits!

The Norns, the goddesses of Fate, dwell by the Well of Mîmir («Memory», «Reminiscence»), *alias* the Well of Urðr (“Esteem”, “Honour”, “Stone”, found in the terms “Wyrð” and “Weird”). This well is no other than the caves or dolmens in which the dead rest, the menhirs they lie underneath, the cairns under which they sleep. The Well of the Norns is no other than the graves of the Noble dead; Valhöll (“Hall of the Fallen”). The sacrificial tree itself is growing on the burial mound, and its roots grow into the Well of Urðr.

Völuspâ stanza 19;

«An ash I know standing, it is called Yggdrasill,
a high tree sprinkled with shining drops;
from thence comes the dew which falls in the dales;
it stands ever green over the well of the Honour.»

To learn from the Norns man must visit the dead; he impersonates the pale god of death, Óðinn, the god who escorts the dead to Hel, and on Halloween brings a body of a dead (the mistletoe, the body of Baldr) to gain access. This golden bough, this wand, is used as a key to open up the grave. He who carries such a *tamsvöndr*, a wand used for taming (called by that name in *Skîrnismâl* stanza 26), is let in. He enters...

Hâvamâl stanza 109;

«It is time to speak from the seat of the Sage;
hard by the Well of Honour
I saw and was silent, I saw and pondered,
I listened to the speech of men.»

Völuspâ stanza 20;

«There are the Maidens, all things knowing,
three in the hall which stands beneath the Tree.
One is named Honour, the second The Coming –
who engrave on tablets – Shall the third.
They lay down law, they choose out life,
they speak the doom of the sons of men.»

He meets the anthropomorphised Honour of the dead, played by an actress (a sorceress), and also her sisters; What *is* and What *shall* be. He must pass their tests, he must answer their riddles, understand their secrets and know the true meaning of their sacred verses. He must be Chosen by them in order to be reborn again. In order to rightfully claim the Honour, the *hamingja*, of the Noble dead resting inside. If he succeeds he is born anew. Mother Earth herself gives birth to him, as he leaves her womb (the burial mound) screaming, shivering, trembling, shaking, as the Sun rises on the first day of the

month of Valaskjálfr ("the trembling of the chosen/fallen"). He is no longer just a man, but he has become a god, Vâli ("chosen/fallen"), and he has become the Noble dead from the grave. He can now rightfully claim the valuables from the burial mound and the name of the dead. He can now rightfully claim his *hamingja*!

The man or woman, or more often the boy or girl, is nothing before he or she has gone through this initiation ritual. He or she has no honour; no past, no present and no future. To become part of the *hamingja* of your kin you must go through this ritual, to bind yourself to eternity. Those who fail are swept into the oblivion by the Norns, the Valkyrjas ("the ones who chose the fallen", i. e. "the ones who are to decide if you deserve to be chosen or not"). Those who fail get no names for themselves; no *hamingja*, no Honour. They remain mere mortals.

When he has become Vâli he can leave (be reborn from) Valhöll (the burial chamber) every day¹ (every time period lasting a life), fight and be killed, with no other consequence than him being reborn the next "day" (the next time a kinsman is initiated and *becomes* him in a new life, a new shape), able to stand and fight again. There is no true death for him, only rebirth. He has become an immortal! A god, Vâli, because he has been chosen by the Norns – who gave him a past, a present and a future. A *hamingja*.

Valhöll and Âsgarðr ("the spirit garden") are not "Heavenly Realms" as such, but located right here on Earth, amongst us, but they are only accessible for those of us who have become gods or goddesses. They are only accessible for those of Jarl's kin. They are only accessible for the man with a *hamingja*.

This is the meaning of destiny in Scandinavian mythology. This is what the Norns, the goddesses of fate², tell us. The web they are said to spin, the threads of life, is what makes up the *hamingja*; the honourable deeds, the glorious achievements, the courageous decisions taken in life, the brave acts, the Noble

life, the divine wisdom: the spiritual light emitted, from your own spirit unto others. The Norns use the water from this well of memories to water Yggdrasill, the tree of life. Life grows and becomes stronger and better by the Honour of man.

¹Day (No. dag) from Norse *dagr* ("day"), originally meaning not just "day", but "life", "limit".

²Fate in Scandinavia is not a fate which takes revenge on the individual (like Nemesis) and which can be seen to interpose in the fortunes of men: it is instead a sweeping world-force set free, left to work itself out in the life of the universe. It knows no law except that of consequence, and obeys no impulse except that of nature. It renders the events of life as inevitable as the Sunrise.

The Vibrations of the Universe

Music, or indeed sounds in general, can also help elevate man to the divine. Or it can be used to lower man's spirit into the depths of the Earth, into the spiritual abyss, to strengthen the ettin power in us (i. e. awaken base instincts) and to suppress the gods in us.

Just like the divine light forms and shapes our minds so does sounds. The European man who has only ever heard the birds sing, the winds howling, water running in the creeks, the waves washing the bare rock-face or the beaches, animals moving about in the forest, his loving family's voices, water boiling, thunder in the clouds, rain falling and wood burning under the cauldron is never a cruel and sinister man. He is a thoroughly good man, because his European nature is perfectly intact; no poison is to be found in his words, no ill will in his thoughts, nothing impure in his spirit.

The world is different today, and all sorts of sounds penetrates into our minds every day, disturbing the harmony therein, causing us to feel uncomfortable. A mealstrom is being stirred up in there, made up of sounds clashing and words recoiling and bouncing off the inside of our heads. Or so it can feel anyhow. We feel tired, we get headaches, we grow

melancholic or even depressed, we more become aggressive and it becomes harder to stay in a good mood. The sorcery of sounds has its effect. And we let it work without any guidance or control, not even knowing such a sorcery exists.

Sound is as powerful as light is; it influences us no less than light does and still we allow ourselves to be exposed to disharmonic, loud, extreme and uncomfortable sounds all the time. Would you stand and stare at the Sun or even a shining light bulb? No? Then why would you live or work in a noisy city, and let the no less powerful sounds have a similiar effect on you?

The most harmonious sounds we know are of course what we call music, and this can be used to stimulate the good in you, to make the deities grow stronger in you, to strengthen your mind and make you more courageous – like Scottish highlander bag pipe music during an assault, or drums in war in general – to inspire and to lift your mind. Music is sorcery! Every song is a spell!

The deity of music in Scandinavia is called Bragi, but this is just another name for Baldr, so the deity of music in Scandinavia is Baldr. His Greek name is Apollon. He is the most pure and innocent of all the gods. Let the light of Baldr shine upon you; let his celestial music banish all darkness in you. Ave Apollon! HailaR BalðuR!

The Sacred Dance

The deities and ettins in us are influenced, strengthened or weakened, by light and sounds, or lack thereof, but also by movement. Rhythmic movements will help create harmony in the mind, and is even instinctively used for that by e. g. individuals with autism, when they cross the limit for what sensory input they can take. To block out and escape the sensory chaos and re-establish the equilibrium of the mind they can start to move rhythmically, as were they catatonic. It is also instinctively used by women in labour as a technique to sooth the pain; both rhythmic breathing and movement.

From history we best know the importance of religious dance from Ancient Greece, where the Bacchantes and the Maenads used dance to achieve “religious ecstasy”; to become one with the deity – Bakkhos (*alias* Dionisos), known from Scandinavia as Freyr, from Albion as Aengus, from Scythia as Shiebog or Veles and from Italy as Bacchus, Dionysus or Liber. Although best known from Ancient Greece it was no less common in the rest of Europe, as told us indirectly by all the witch persecutions during the late Middle Ages, where women were accused of “dancing with the devil” and to dance on sacred mountains. Not surprisingly the European deity was described as “Satan” and these European women were tortured, imprisoned and executed by the Judeo-Christians.

Today we still do similar things for the same purpose (because we need it), and probably no less frequently, although we might not actively think about it this way; e. g. we jog or run rhythmically, often with music in our ears; we lift weights rhythmically, often to the rhythm of music. And of course some of us dance too, naturally to the sound of music. Any rhythmic movement will do, naturally, but the dance is the one means our forebears all knew and used for this purpose; most commonly a combination of music, light (or the lack thereof) and rhythmic dance, often involving rhythmic breathing as well. The only aspect that lacks today, the only element missing, is the religious-spiritual one. The deity is missing; he just watches us from a distance, so to speak, waiting and hoping to be let in again – as he should.

Why we should return to the sacred dance? Because the modern European struggles; he is not allowed any direction, any point of origin, any path of dignity, because he lives in not only an anti-natural world but first and foremost an anti-European world. Our deities (and what they stand for) are actively suppressed by this modern Judeo-Christian-dominated world; they are raped, murdered and spat upon every single day in the media, in the school system, in commercials, in entertainment, in art and everywhere else to. Only the ettins are allowed to prosper, only the ettin power is

cultivated, everywhere; including in the drug-embracing rave sub-culture, in the hyper-sexualized dance of mixed pop "stars", in the brain dead head-banging of the nihilistic death- and black-metal sub-culture and so forth. They have taken the religious-spiritual dance (as well) and use it to spread their Judeo-Christian poison into the minds of our young.

The dance should be something we actively use to become better. We should jog or run not only to improve our stamina and general constitution; we should lift weights (or rather work hard) not only to grow stronger; we should dance in ceremonies not only because it might be fun or socially enriching. We should always also have the divine in mind, the improvement of the spirit as well.

The sexual dance, when a young man and a young woman danced together, was also a religious-spiritual dance; the purpose was for young men and women to find out whether or not they were a good match. Was there any physical compatibility and good chemistry between them? The process of dancing together would help them know, and this way they didn't have to sleep around like modern confused young men and women do, to find out whether or not they are compatible or not. The religious sexual dance enabled them to find out without having to soil themselves.

Dancing is a religious-spiritual thing. The Christians are kept sitting down in their "crypto-synagoges" (churches) and they sing only Judeo-Christian songs to numb their European spirits further and to deprive them of the contact with themselves and their own nature. The Judeo-Christians labelled all dancing as "Satanic", not least because of the Renaissance, when they saw that Europe was about to wake up from the Judeo-Christian psychosis. Later, when they failed to suppress the awakening of the European spirit they also tried – like they had done with all the European festivals before, when they failed to suppress them – to steal the sacred dance, pervert it and ruin it, something they have only partially succeeded with.

The spells of the deities are complete with the light, the music and the dance of our forebears. Cast the spells of our gods and goddesses and revive your European spirit! Become a true European, in blood *and* in spirit!

Hâvamâl 159

"A fourteenth [i. e. song] I know:

if I shall explain

the heavenly light [the gods]

to the people of men,

I know all the nature

of the spirits [*æsir*] and of the elves

which no fool can know."

The Sacred Marriage

One thing that is completely absent from almost all books about European polytheism is a proper description and understanding of something as essential and widely practised as the sacred marriage; the marriage between the man and his deity, between women and gods, between men and goddesses. The Judeo-Christians failed to destroy this practise in Europe, but they – like they do with all things they are in contact with – perverted it thoroughly and made it a part of Judeo-Christianity; they had men and women become monks, priests and nuns, and had the latter «marry» the Hebrew «god». What had been a healthy practise was turned into a genocidal tool for the Judeo-Christians, enabling them to ensure that the most well-meaning, peaceful, kind and loving of Europeans didn't procreate.

The sacred marriage, in Greek called *hieros gamos* (ἱερός γάμος), stems from the Stone Age, when society was ruled by a king found through careful selection, married to a queen found through a no less careful selection. The most beautiful girls came together and competed in a series of contests, known in Scandinavia as *bruðhlaup* («weddings», direct translation is «bride-races»); the contests were tests of skill (e. g. who can make the best thread from bog cotton?), patience (e. g. who can finish sowing a shirt before Sunset?), persistence (e. g. who can sow for hours without rest and finish it without crying?) and

kindness (e. g. who will help her opponents?). They had to do this without without bleeding (e. g. by not hurting themselves with the needle, causing their finger to bleed), and all those who succeeded were eligible as May Queens.

The May Queen was then either chosen by lottery (i. e. the spirits picked the one they found best for the task) or by the winner of the May contests for men, who would then hand an apple to the one he thought was the most pretty of them all.

The men aspiring for the position as May King would first of all have to climb a sacred tree (usually an oak) and find a sacred bough (usually a mistletoe) and then bring this to the arena where they were to participate in a race for men. This was done to make the (last year's) May King vulnerable to them; he was a god himself so he was invulnerable to all who didn't bring a mistletoe; the life force of the May King was stored in the sacred bough. The men participated in all sorts of contests; archery, running, jumping, swimming, climbing, spear throwing, axe throwing, riding, ring games (i. e. hitting a ring hanging from a tree with a spear, a sling stone or a rock, often [in later times] with a lance from horseback), wrestling and boxing. But they also had word games, where the men had to e. g. make the funniest poem (and make the May Queen laugh), they had to gather honey, find fresh water, find the largest pearl in a sea shell on the bottom of the sea, solve riddles, make fire, catch fish, hunt game and so forth.

We know of all these contests from the Scandinavian fairy tales, and also from the French and German fairy tales gathered by the Grimm brothers, but of course the true meaning of these have been hidden, not by Judeo-Christians, but by the European polytheists who did this to ensure their survival in a world where the Judeo-Christians destroyed everything European. Now that you have the key to understanding these wonderful fairy tales I suggest to visit that world again. You will be amazed by just how much you understand now, just by reading this far in one single post by a European polytheist. Like I have said before; you only need

one single light to banish the Judeo-Christian darkness and be able to see.

The man ending up as the May King was the strongest and most intelligent of them all! He was a real man, a Herakles (Gr. "the honour of the chosen"), but the May Queen was just a little girl, not even of age; she was not allowed to bleed, from her finger, when participating in the bride-races, but she would only be allowed to participate at all in the bride-races if she hadn't yet had her first menstruation. She would also lose her role as a May Queen if she bled for *any* reason, including when she had her first menstruation.

The May Queen was herself a Goddess; the youthful health and beauty of nature incarnate, she was a *vanir* ("beautiful"); Venus, Aphrodite, Freyja, Aine, Shieba, *et cetera*. She was to be protected at all cost, and who would be better for this than the best man of them all? He married her, in a sacred marriage, and his task was *to protect her* from the ills of the world. It was a purely symbolic marriage, with no marital rights, and no physical intimacy between the May King and the May Queen. These two most beautiful of the deities, these *vanir*, were to rule society until the next bride-race, when they could either keep their titles or hand them over to someone better than them.

The May Queen – when she bled for the first time – returned to being just another normal (albeit very beautiful) young woman, who eventually married a lucky man and probably had lovely children with him. She returned to being an ordinary *âss* ("spirit", pl. *æsir*) again.

This was not the only sacred marriage in the European society though. The bard (*skâld/skâldmær*), the vateis (*gôði/gyðja*) and the druid (*drôttinn/drôttning*), or if you like the travelling priest/priestess, the priest/priestess and the priest-king/queen respectively also married their deities. The best known of these are of course the Bacchantes and the Maenads, but actually *all* the priests and priestesses did. They became

one with their deities, after a sacred (symbolic) marriage. They came under the protection of a god or goddess just like the May Queen came under the protection of the May King. They were safe from all harm...

When they became of age, usually after 10 years in service for their deity, around age 17-18 (for both boys and girls) they would leave the protection of their deity and instead marry, and – unlike the life-denying Catholic monks, priests and nuns – they would become useful citizens and have children, just like everybody else.

The tradition of letting the young do service to a deity was not just religious education for that individual, it was also a way for the society to produce *true* gods and goddesses, idols for the others, ideals, heroes and heroines, role models. They were hand picked from the masses; only *the most beautiful* (healthy) girls and *the strongest and wisest* boys were given this honour, and it was indeed an honour to serve a deity! To marry a deity!

Now, Judeo-Christianity arrived, but this romantic and beautiful tradition didn't go away, and it did not only take form of the genocidal plan to not allow priests, monks and nuns to procreate. We also know this European tradition as it developed into what became known as Chivalry. Yes, the customs and behaviour of European warriors became known as Chivalry and their contests turned into Knight Tournaments. All of this was a continuation of European polytheism. Rather than give an apple to the girl they found most beautiful they rode elegantly over to the stand and lowered their lances to pick the noble girl they would dedicate their (potential) victory to, and she would – if she accepted his proposal – tie her handkerchief to the lance. He would then, before the joust, untie the handkerchief and tie it to his sleeve instead. And from thence comes the English saying; "to carry your heart on your sleeve"; to openly show your feelings. To openly show what girl you find the most beautiful. There was no longer any religious sacred marriage between the lucky knight and his favourite. The Judeo-Christians had successfully taken that away from them.

The European gallantry survived for almost 2000 years. It began to fade, and it faded rapidly in the 19th century, but two great wars provoked by the Judeo-Christians in the 20th century ended it all, and the European spirit was with some exceptions here and there replaced by perverse and hyper-sexual Judeo-Christian mentality, propagated heavily by their entertainment industry and the news media. The probably only thing modern soldiers have left from this European gallantry is the way they greet each other, holding their right hand to their hats. This was originally done by the knights to lift their visors when they met other knights, to show them their faces, to show who they were (behind all that armour). Every man had the right to know whom he was up against; who am I killing? Who is killing me?

The Apples of Eternal Youth

The goddess Îðunn and her basket of apples is a riddle not solved by any scholars. Her name is often translated as «the rejuvenator» or «ever young», however this is not an actual translation of her name, but rather an interpretation of what she does. Her Norse name Îðunn, from proto-Nordic *Îþund, from PIE *Eduno, translates as «laborious», «industrious», «who wants to work», and she is known from other parts of Europe as Proserpina (Rome), Epona (Gaul), Kostroma (Scythia) and Persephone (Greece).

Just like her husband, Baldr, in Scandinavia also known as Bragi, she is also known as Nanna, which happens to mean almost the same as the name Îðunn; Norse Nanna from proto-Nordic *Nanþan, which translates as «zeal», «resourceful», «eager to work» and «rush».

When you see this in the light of how they selected their May Queens you start to understand what she is and why she is equipped with apples of eternal youth. As we can recall the girls were made eligible for the role of May Queen based on amongst other things their willingness to work, their eagerness to work, their industriousness, and so forth.

Baldr («ball») is known as Bragi («the winner», «the best»), because he is the winner of the May contests. His wife is then naturally Îðunn/Nanna, the most industrious of the young

girls, selected by lottery or when Baldr handed her an apple. As we know from the myth about Paris she was also known as Freyja/Aphrodite, but don't let this confuse you; they are just different names for the same goddess.

Now, Îðunn is not known to have been given an apple, but to hand out apples herself, to all the other deities, and this is what kept them eternally young. After she was given an apple, or picked by lottery, she – the lovely young May Queen, the embodiment of the youthful health and beauty of nature – was tasked with appointing new gods and goddesses every year, whenever a god or a goddess was no longer young, healthy and beautiful enough to be a god or a goddess. The gods were real human beings, who had been selected to become this or that deity, and the role of this or that deity was given to them by the May Queen, as she handed them an apple to appoint them «god» or «goddess». This is how her apples could keep the deities eternally young! The no longer young, healthy and beautiful deities returned to being normal human beings, and former normal human beings became deities as they received an apple each from the May Queen, Îðunn.

In each society, in each tribe, there was only one Ôðinn, one Þórr, *et cetera*, and it was naturally considered a great honour to become such a deity – and each married man and woman became a Freyr and Freyja as well. Their priests and priestesses married the members of their “congregations”, in sacred marriages, and they came under the protection of their deities. Each year they held contests amongst themselves to see which one of them would be the best to be the god or the goddess. The winner was given an apple by Îðunn. The contests favoured health, youth and beauty, so those lacking this were not made deities, or were not allowed to continue as deities. The deities were forever young, beautiful and healthy. They were always the best amongst them.

The demi-deities, the heroes and heroines described in Greek mythology, were the men and women already married to a deity (so they were demi-deities), but who had to go through

rigorous tests to be allowed to become one themselves (i. e. and to take over the role of the deity from another person).

The May King was the real King of the tribe, and the May Queen the real Queen, and originally they represented all the gods and all the goddesses. The King was the Sky God, the Queen the Earth Goddess. With time this changed, and different faces of the one Sky God and the one Earth Goddess were individually impersonated. The mighty Sky God, Norse Tyr, from younger proto-Nordic *TîwaR, from older proto-Nordic *Tîwaz, from PIE *Diwos, is better known by us from Old Latin Divus and Latin Deus. Or from Sanskrit Dêva, Welsh Duw, Gaulish «Great Father», Scythian Rod/Div, Lithuanian Diêvas, Greek Zevs/Uranos *et cetera*. Therefore we learn in Scandinavia that Tyr was once the King of the gods, but in the Viking Age he had been «replaced» by Ôðinn. He wasn't really; it was just that Ôðinnic part of him that became the most important in society at that troublesome time.

Some European tribes divided the powers of Tyr up into many, others only into a few, separate gods. The same applied to the Earth Goddess; Norse Jörð, proto-Nordic Erþo, Greek Demeter/Hera/Kybele, Scythian Matushka/Vesna, Western European Danu-Ana/«The Lady», Roman Juno, *et cetera*. When different European tribes later came into contact with each other the often identical deities became incorporated into often both the tribes' pantheon because they called them by different names, and both tribes all of a sudden had e. g. two Moon Goddesses. Other times a deity could disappear from a pantheon. None of this really mattered though; all the deities were just different faces of the same concept of a positive spiritual force in our universe that is both masculine and feminine. The different faces of this force is found in the Sun and the Moon, the stars and constellations, in the reflection of light from the planets and in everything else in our world too. In you.

The Line & the Circle

The Abrahamic religions all have a mythology with a beginning for the world, and an end for it as well, and for some reason having a creation myth was for 200 years ago seen as evidence supporting the idea that a mythology was advanced and almost equal to the bible. When the Scandinavians in the beginning of the 19th century started for real to read and interpret the Scandinavian mythology they had this in mind. They wanted Scandinavia too to have been «advanced» in Antiquity! They actively searched for a creation myth, and intentionally interpreted the myths to sound like creation myths. The same was the case for an end to the world; they wanted an Armageddon to be found in the Scandinavian mythology as well, and that is what they turned Ragnarök into.

This is one of the major mistakes most do when they read the Scandinavian mythology; they assume that some of the myths are creation myths. Let me give you a few examples; in Völuspâ stanza 2 to 5 there is a discription interpreted as being the creation myth of the worlds of men and gods; in Völuspâ stanza 17 & 18 there is a discription interpreted as being about how the gods give good colour, language, mind and life to two pieces of wood lying on the ground, and this is seen as the Scandinavian creation myth of man. In Völuspâ stanza 42 to 58 there is a discription interpreted as being a description of the end of the world, Ragnarök, the Scandinavian Armageddon!

In reality there is a very poor general understanding of these myths in our world, because of the Judeo-Christian filters everything has been seen through. If you want to see the stars you better not try to see them through a thick layer of dark clouds.

The fact is that the Scandinavian mythology has no creation myth of that type. There is no linear world view, no beginning and no end. Instead there is a very circular world view, of eternally repeating processes in life and in nature in general; the Sun rises, shines, sets and is gone, and then it rises again. The seasons come, they are, they go away and they are gone,

before they return. This myth of eternal return was (in modern times re-) discovered by Sir James Frazer, who of course was no Judeo-Christian himself, but has since then mostly been discredited as unscientific and his book «worthless». This myth of eternal return explains just about every process in our universe, and applies even to planets, solar systems, galaxies and probably the whole universe as well. There is no beginning and no end. No «big bang», no «big crunch», no linear time. No beginning or end to anything; not to time and not even to the universe itself.

The human mind is able to understand eternity, but not to really fathom it. This might be some sort of «cosmic censorship», but more likely it is a result of the mixing between Neanderthals (Europeans) and Homo sapiens (Africans). The Neanderthals probably understood and fathomed eternity well, but Homo sapiens did not, and not those mixed with Homo sapiens either. Even the biggest brains of modern man, the European brains, are much smaller than the average Neanderthal brain.

Judeo-Christianity is a religion by and for mixed men, but the European mythology was made by Europeans (Neanderthals) or it was based on their insight, so the first sees life as linear and the latter as moving in circles. One see only birth, life and death, and tremble in fear for what might come after this. The other see eternity.

The Scandinavian myths mentioned above are not at all creation myths or myths about the end of the world. Völuspâ stanza 2 to 5 deal with how the burial mound was opened up after a fast, and how the initiate was to leave the daylight outside and enter the dark realm where no Sunlight, Moonlight or stars shone. They blew a lure to open up the gate in the fence surrounding the burial mound, they slaughtered a cow and went to learn the secrets from Hel - in the grave. There is no creation in this myth.

Völuspá stanza 17 & 18 describe how the actors who had played the role of the Winter spirits in Ragnarök, by impersonating predatory animals, in particular the wolf, were brought back to the sacrificial trees, the ash and the elm, by the gods (i. e. human beings impersonating the deities). To become Winter Spirits they had hung their own cloths (a symbol of their life force) in the sacrificial tree; naked they went to put on (mainly) wolf or bear skins and thus assume the role of Winter spirits in a great play, a mock battle between the Summer and the Winter. During this battle the (actors playing the) Summer spirits tore their animal skins off them and stepped on them (i. e. played the role of Víðarr in Ragnarök ripping the Fenrir wolf in two), to symbolically kill them. The actors played dead and were ceremonially carried back to the sacrificial trees, where the deities put back on their clothes and brought them back from the dead; gave them good colours, spirit, a language and life again. There is no creation in this myth either.

Völuspá stanza 42 to 58 is another description (there are several in Völuspá) of the great mock battle between Summer and Winter, taking place on what for us today is called New Year's Eve. They made a lot of noise, they burned wheels and let them roll down steep hills, throwing sparks about as they did, they ran through the forest wielding burning torches, to scare and chase away all the Winter spirits, and they divided into two groups; one assuming the role of the Summer spirits, and the other assuming the role of Winter spirits. They then – in a theatrical performance – had their biggest annual sword dance, where they showed how the Summer spirits killed the Winter spirits, and how this was what enabled Summer to return. They killed the Winter spirits, so that Summer could return. And they did this every single year. Ragnarök was not the end of the world, or the end of anything at all really, only a *renewal* of everything.

You can find a more thorough explanation to these myths in my book *Sorcery and Religion in Ancient Scandinavia*.

So there is no creation myths and no Armageddon in the Scandinavian mythology. There is no beginning and no end.

The cycle of life continues for all the powers in this world, as it always has and as it always will – and we will probably for quite some time still wonder how this is possible.

To ever be able to understand eternity we must stop all degradation of us, of our blood, and we must ensure a positive eugenic society for Europe. Only through active cultivation of the fair Nordic (Neanderthal) genes in us will we ever find all the answers to the secrets of the universe.

Yggdrasill & the Sacred Wells of Wisdom

Yggdrasill translates as «the one who demands reverence» (but is most often simply translated as «the terrible horse»), and is another name for the deity Heimdallr («world tree», «tree above the bed»). This tree of life is located on the burial mound; the crown stretches into the air, the realm of spirits (Ásgarðr), and the roots down to Hel; the stem is located in the Middle, in Middle-Earth (Miðgarðr). There are three roots, each drinking from a sacred well, one for each. These wells are called Urðarbrunnr («the well of honour/esteem»), Mímisbrunnr («the well of memory») and Hvergelmir («year old draft», «year-old current of air» or more likely «draft from the past» or «air current from the past»).

The grass was not cut, no herbs were gathered and no trees chopped down on the burial mounds, and no animals were allowed to grass there. The mounds were fenced in to keep the animals out. This was a sacred place, in between the world of the living (Ásgarðr) and the world of the dead (Hel). It was the Middle Earth (Miðgarðr).

Yes... the scholars haven't figured out that yet; Ásgarðr is of course *our* world. We are the deities! Miðgarðr is just a name for the burial area, located inside the fence, where man is held in between death and life; waiting to be reborn. The inside of the burial mound is called Valhöll; the hall of the chosen/fallen.

A good, strong tree of life was probably seen as a good thing. The taller, the older and the bigger the tree, the more important the man inside the grave would be. The older he would be. The more times he would have been reborn. The more honour and esteem he would have been able to accumulate. The more memories he would have left behind. The more «draft from the past» would you be able to find inside the mound.

His bed under the tree was Valhöll, the hall of the chosen/fallen, and this is as we know Óðinn's hall. All the three roots and all the sacred wells are located in Valhöll. Just like Þórr is known for his hammer, flying through the air, in symbolism often depicted as a hooked cross (Sanskrit; Swastika), Óðinn is known for his treskilon, *alias* triquetra *alias* (from modern times) the Valknot; a picture of the three roots, the three legs on which the tree of life stands, the three wells or the three sacred sources.

There is a runestone in Denmark, the Snoldelev Stone, known for its Óðinnic symbolism and the text; *kunuAlts stAin sunaR ruHalts þulaR o salHauku(m)*, which by scholars (...) has been translated as «Gunnvaldr's stone, son of Hrôaldr, reciter of Salhaugar». This should however probably be translated like this instead; «Gunnvaldr's stone, son of Hrôaldr, the sage of the (burial) mound hall». Gunnvaldr, son of Hrôaldr, was in other words a man with a *hamingja* and was located inside the burial mound. The runestone was his Yggdrasill; the landmark showing others where he was buried and how honourable he was – possibly just showing the way to his grave.

A *þulr*; proto-Nordic *þulaR*, was a sage, a scald a wise man, but the word originally means «speech» or «long string of words», which of course would fit like a hand in a glove if you consider how the rite of passage was conducted. They needed to learn a long string of words, the sacred songs, and to understand them in order to pass the test (i. e. and thus become a *þulr*). So, the honourable Gunnvaldr was now himself lying inside, waiting to be reborn, by a man who could pass the test.

BalðuR – the Shining White God of Enlightenment

About 29 years ago, when I was 11 years old, I had an experience that changed me. I was skiing very fast down the side of a hill when I all of a sudden saw a ski jump made of snow right in front of me. Someone had built it without me knowing it, and I was skiing so fast that I had no chance to avoid it. Rather than be thrown into the air by the jump I simply went straight through it – but to my surprise my body was thrown into the air. Yes, I left my body. I entered a world completely silent and comfortable. I saw my own body flying through the air, rotating around and around, in very slow motion, and I then flew upwards into a light that eventually surrounded me completely. It was bright, but not blinding. It was neither warm nor cold, only perfectly comfortable. I don't know how long I was there, because I was in a realm with no time, or rather beyond time. I know this sounds silly but this is how it felt; it felt as if the light smiled at me and embraced me. I was perfectly safe, had no worries and I was simply happy. But I also understood that I could not stay there forever, and then I fell. All of a sudden I was sitting on top of my body, on the head itself, and I realised that my body had risen from the snow and that it took a few steps before it fell down on its knees again. Everything still happened in slow motion, but time sped up and I could hear screams of pain in the distance. My own body was screaming down there. Then my body took off the helmet and, as sounds became clearer and time sped up to normal speed, everything turned red – from blood. I was back inside my body and I saw my brother standing there, next to me. I spoke briefly to him; «Don't let mom see me like this», because I knew I was a mess and that she would freak out if she saw me in this condition. I had crushed the right joint of my jaw, but most of the blood came from a wound caused by a ski pole which had pierced me right in the face (so I could actually stick my tongue through a large hole in my face). The whole thing went by without me feeling any physical pain.

Naturally I have wondered what this experience really meant to me and I have read a few books about similar experiences, but at one point I was satisfied with the most scientific

explanation; my brain had protected me from this painful experience by moving my consciousness to a part of the brain where it would feel no pain, and only saw what essentially was an illusion – or rather a hallucination. I never left my body. I never really saw anything. It was just a defence mechanism activated to protect me from pain.

What puzzles me though is the testimony of those who have had similar experiences, and who have actually seen things their bodies would not have been able to see, or even heard things said in another room located nearby. How would any brain be able to do that? Another thing is the fact that through all ages men has told if not the exact same then at least a very similar story; they leave their bodies, they see a comfortable white light from outside their bodies, and they return to life changed forever. Most commonly; they no longer fear death.

If you look at the rite of passage, the old European initiation ritual, you can easily compare it to these experiences. The body (i. e. the clothes) is symbolically killed (i. e. hung in a tree) or at least wounded by a spear and the person who does this leaves his «body» and enters a spiritual world in the realm of death. In this realm he learns something sacred and important from a woman and is then «re-born» as a new and better man.

So the question is then naturally; what if our forebears actually based this ritual on these after all fairly common near-death experiences, which they too must have experienced? What if the symbolic effect of the ritual does the same to a person as a «real» near-death experience? The experience of this ritual might perfectly well feel as sacred and important as a real near-death experience, and it would then naturally also have the same effect!

Now, what is this effect? What could this experience possibly do to a person? Maybe nothing, sure, but why would it then be so important to our forebears to have people go through this ritual? Maybe this experience would connect them to the the spirit world? Maybe activate an ability or a sense that lies dormant in all Europeans – a sense we all used to have when

we were pure Neanderthals, which we now need to kick-start, so to speak? Maybe turn on intuition as a sixth sense? Maybe just remove the fear of death? Maybe it enabled the modern European man to become more like he is supposed to be like. Whatever it did I at least feel enlightened by it, and I certainly don't fear death – my own or that of others. I feel blessed; aided, helped, supported and guided by.... something good. By a divine force. By the deities. By the gods!

So, if nothing else, you now know why I, through my life, have focused so much on the journey to the realm of death, on the death of Baldr, on Baldr (Bragi) and Íðunn (Nanna). It feels as if Baldr («shining white body», «ball») is that white light which surrounded that 11-year-old boy, and he made a great impression!

The Maiden of the Labyrinth

The difference between a maze and a labyrinth is that you can get lost in the former, but you can only follow one way leading to the centre in the latter. The Trojan Fortress is a labyrinth and is known from all over Europe, but outside of the Scandinavian area it is only known as decorations, on floors, walls and in sacred places. In Scandinavia we know it also as a procession way made up from stones.

Some of these Trojan Fortresses date from the Bronze Age, but such labyrinths have been used in Scandinavia even up to the 18th century in so-called «Maiden Dances». A maiden was placed inside the labyrinth, in the centre, and a young man had to find the way in to her, and then bring her back out the same way. So what was this all about?

In *Rîgspula* we learn that Heimdallr taught the art of sorcery and war to Jarl's kin, and very rarely – if ever – do we see war and strife described as something bad, or at least never as something exclusively bad, in the Scandinavian mythology. The negative brings forth the opportunity for the good and honourable to act and do good and honourable deeds. Without war there will be no war heroes. Without suffering there will

be no self-sacrifice. Without conflict there will be no way for men to forge true comradeships. Only men who have alongside each other faced the enemy in battle can really trust each other.

Cowardice was not only seen as a bad thing in Ancient Scandinavia; it was actually a crime and everyone found guilty of cowardice was executed! The warrior ideal in the ancient society was a necessary means for them to be able to separate the good from the bad, the brave from the cowards, because they cultivated the good, the strong, the brave, the wise and the heroic man! The Gods and Goddesses themselves were their ideals!

The contempt for weakness must however not be confused with malice. The wish to make strong those you love is a most intelligent and also a natural wish. The fact that you expose those you love for hardship only proves that you really understand what is good for them. The gods are our ideals, and we know that we cannot have any hope of becoming anything like them if we take the shortest or the easiest path in life.

The long path to the centre of the Trojan Fortress is rewarding in itself, because not only the goal itself is of great value, but the path you follow to the goal is also. The shortest or easiest rout would be the fastest, but not the best.

So the «Maiden Dance» can of course be a symbolic act of entering into the burial mound to connect to the *hamingja* of the honourable dead and learn from the goddess of the grave, but it can also be a more mundane lesson in patience and perseverance and how the longest and most difficult path is not only the best path, but the only path that leads to the objective. Performing this dance over and over again, every single year, made sure that no man forgot this lesson. It was to the better man of old one of the most important lessons in life. It should be to us too.

Quite instinctively I have always followed the longest and most difficult path in life, and although it has caused me much headache, so to speak, it is also what has made me strong. Sometimes I have to admit I wondered why I was this apparently "self-destructive", because it just landed me in so much trouble, and I even had problems coping some times, but every time I got out on top and I felt so much better. Most of the problems I faced were caused by myself, by my own choice to always take the long and hard path, and they could have easily been avoided, but would I then have learned anything? Would I then have proven myself? Would I then have gained the trust of those who saw me do this? Would I then have become wiser? I don't think so. If you want to reach the zenith you better walk uphill. If you really want to become strong you can even add a few rocks to the load you carry as well. Praised be what makes you strong, wise and glorious! ◊

One time I filled an empty backpack with stones and then climbed a 1.400 m tall mountain (starting from 800 m, so it was only a 600 m climb). It was (on a map) only a 500 m hike, and finishing the last 100 meters of the hike to the top was probably the most exhausting thing I have ever done in my entire life. By then my feet felt like pure lead and I had to focus all my energy on taking one step at the time. I was beyond exhausted, and just moved as if I was in a trance, trying to keep a rhythm in order not to stop. But I reached the top, added my stones to the beacon already there, and walked back down... I could have brought just one stone, like most people do, or even none, but no; I just had to fill my whole backpack with stones, and for no other reason than to do it the hardest way possible. So what did I gain from this? Well, I gained self-knowledge, respect from my peers, a somewhat good anecdote and a good example to show others if I want to explain how I am like as a person – and why I do things that to others sometimes may seem strange.

Life is wonderful when it is hard and you cope; when it is difficult and you succeed; when it is terrifying and you stand your ground; when it is deadly and you survive; when it is

unfair and you still win! Death too is wonderful when you have lived your life walking uphill on that longest and most difficult path towards the centre of the stone labyrinth – and you leave behind others who can be proud of you!

Hâvamâl stanza 76

“Cattle die,
friends die,
you die the same way yourself;
but I know one thing
which never dies:
an honourable reputation.”

The Genealogy of the Deities

We most commonly assume that it is important to know who is the father, mother, sibling, son or daughter of this or that deity, in the same manner as it is important for us mortal men to know our relations. Naturally the modern anti-European man, and the scam science of psychology in particular, has used the stories about the different love affairs of the deities and their family relations for all it's worth to present our deities as adulterous and incestuous, but like always they get it all wrong.

The goddess Freyja is described as having love affairs with a number of others, and this sounds horrible until you realise that she is just a picture of married women in general – and naturally different married women have love affairs with different men; with their own husbands. In other contexts Freyja's love affairs are just metaphors or even mysteries (like the Snow White fairy tale).

When Freyja is said to be married to her own twin brother, Freyr, it only means that the marriage was symbolic: they were the Sacred May Couple. There is nothing incestuous about this, as the marriage was purely symbolic. Their children, the light elves, are but the *hamingja* generated by the May Couple!

The gods too are concepts and represent something in each initiated man, and their often seemingly adulterous love affairs are explanations to different phenomena. The offspring of

these seemingly adulterous affairs are but the effects and consequences of the phenomenon in question.

When a deity is e. g. the father of another it does not mean that he actually fathered the other, but e. g. that the first gave reason for the latter to come into existence, or that the mastery of the powers of the first is a pre-requisite for the mastery of the powers of the latter. E. g. like you first need to learn the alphabet in order to read a text; thus in a mythological language the Alphabet is the father of Reading, and Reading the son of the Alphabet. No deity actually ever procreated in real life, so they have no sons or daughters, no fathers or mothers, and no siblings; they are but powers inside each one of us – and they lie there dormant until they are “born” or “awakened” by the right initiation mystery or other trigger.

To a few at least this some times becomes rather obvious too, like when Athena (Scandinavian; Sâga) is born fully armed from the forehead of Zevs (here Scandinavian Ôðinn). Of course the goddess of wisdom, lore, philosophy, courage, inspiration *et cetera*, is born from the alert mind.

So just like there are no different races of gods, there are no different families of gods either. The deities are related to each other not like mortal men, but like natural or supernatural phenomena, like effects and counter-effects, actions and reactions, *et cetera*, and to understand them we need to think of them as such and understand the mythological language of Europe. The Thunder (Þórr) chases the Lightning (Loki), because you can always hear the thunder after you have seen the lightning, and the Thunder is married to the Crops (Sif) because the Thunder brings about rain, and rain the Crops.

Liberation

The Ancient European concept of freedom is found in a pair of deities; the Scandinavian Freyr and Freyja. Their names derived from an Indo-European root **pri-*, meaning “love”, “liberate”, “spare” and “free”. They are twins and children of Njörðr and Skaði; the sea and the rivers running into the sea, joining her. We know these deities from Greek mythology as

Dionysos/Bakkhos ("twice born") and Aphrodite ("born from foam"), and from Roman mythology as Liber (Bacchus) and Libera (Venus) respectively.

Freyr is also known as Vêi, and is in that role said to purify, to make sacred, to separate the good from the bad – he distinguishes the wheat from the tares, so to speak. He is a god of youthful strength, freedom and good health. His home is called Alfheimr ("white world", "elf world") and he is connected to the rune InguR ("meadow friend"), which is a picture of a couple making love (in the meadow). Freyja is a goddess of love, freedom and youthful beauty and health. Her home is called Folkvangr ("people meadow") and she is connected to the rune Jera ("year", "good year"), which is a picture of a couple lying next to each other (in the burial mound). Together Freyr and Freyja are said to be the parents of the light elves; the noble spirits of the dead.

We can see from all of this that their concept of freedom was connected to the cyclic existence of the water. The freedom is born from the sea; this sea vaporizes, it forms clouds in the sky and it falls back down in form of rain. The rain then runs back down to the sea through the Earth, to the sea often in form of rivers – and so it continues for all eternity.

The *Aurora Borealis*, known from Scandinavia as "The Way of the Bees" and "Elf-Dance". Freyja's connection to the Jera rune suggests the same; the rune represents the goddess waiting inside the burial mound to liberate the initiate from death; he is reborn as he steps out from her womb, the burial mound, and is thenceforth eternal – connected to a *hamingja*. Freyr's connection to the InguR rune supports this too; the meadow friends are the bees, that we know already were seen as spirits of the dead, as elves – who live in Freyr's "elf world".

There is no complete liberation from the body in the European religion, from the physical world, but there is a liberation of the mind and spirit from the constraints of the physical world. Not only will the *hamingja* ensure a continued existence after the physical body withers and fades away into death, but it

also connects the liberated man to something greater; to a realm of sorcery, a realm with possibilities the mortal (i. e. uninitiated) man can only dream of. The liberated man becomes an immortal god or a goddess himself! He or she becomes liberated from death, but even more so from the fear of dying! Yes; Hel (i. e. death) is the only deity which answers before she is asked, and most often even when she is not asked, but Freyr and Freyja liberates you from her grasp and ensures your eternal youthful strength, sanity, beauty and health as you are reborn every time your body is embraced by death and destruction. Liberation from all the ills of this world and your fear of them can not be found in the world you live in, but in you; in the deities Freyr and Freyja!

The Power of Will

Man has a free will and is left to find his own way around in the universe, but he is not free from consequences or the impulses of nature. In ancient times this free will was seen as a sorcerous tool; a man with a strong will could by the force of his sheer will cause different effects in the world.

In the Scandinavian mythology Ôðinn ("spirit", "mind", "fury") has two brothers; Vêi ("sacred") and Vîlir ("will", "willpower"); the latter two are better known as Freyr and Þórr respectively. Together they come up with ideas (Ôðinn), they order them (Vîlir/Þórr) and they purify them (Vêi/Freyr). The ideas of the mind are *willed through* after they have been selected.

If you have any sort of problem in your life, if you are injured, sick or in pain, you can rely on your will alone to cope with it. If you want it strongly enough you will manage to jump farther or higher, run faster, hold your breath longer, stay awake longer, heal faster, keep fighting, and so forth. Your willpower is the most powerful tool you have; without it you are nothing – and those with a strong will are the masters of this world. Willpower is more important than skill, physical strength, wisdom and even good health! Your willpower is called Þórr; the strongest of all the deities, and stronger even than all the other deities combined!

So, dear reader, why not use it also as a sorcerous tool? Just like they did in the past, when it was still commonly recognized as the strongest God! Rather than want this or that we can combine all our willpower to *will through* an effect in this world; the return of all the deities to Europe and a restoration of all the good that was. Our world is new and changed, and so are we, but the good, the just, the beautiful and the harmonious are still the same!

The Sacred Lake

The light is not physical, so it can penetrate physical objects. Much or little of the light will be reflected by an object, and that object will appear to us as of this or that colour depending on the frequency of the light it reflects. The light was seen as a manifestation of the divine, if not the divine itself. The Sun and the light phenomena caused by the Sunlight was anthropomorphised, and e. g. the dawn was called Austr (Scandinavia) or Eos (Greece), the rainbow was called Bifröst/Iris, the power of the Sunlight was called Baldr/Apollon and the Sun itself Sunna/Helios.

The absence of light was seen as dangerous, but the reflection of the Sunlight from the heavenly bodies was seen as more powerful even than the Sunlight itself. Yes; the light itself is good and pure, but it changes when it is reflected by an object. This naturally also explains why metals, and in particular gold, was to be seen as sacred, when they came into use; they reflected the light very well.

Before metals came into use the sea, lakes, rivers and water in general was seen as sacred, because it reflected the light so well. Not only did the Sunlight colour the sea when the Sun sat in the West, but the Moon mirrored herself very clearly in the sacred lakes; divine light had been reflected by the Moon, Mâni/Selene and Skaði/Artemis, and this reflected light lit up the sacred lake and the areas around it. Anyone who investigates this further will find such sacred lakes all over Europe, in place names and in lake names, and if not in names then any lake near a hill or mountain top where the Sun can be

seen rising each morning. The sacred lake was an intricate part of our religion.

The light reflected from the sacred lake, the sacred mirror, was a purifying light; an elf child of the Sun god and the Moon goddess blessing man – just like Baldr/Apollon, the elf child of the Sky god and the Earth goddess did too.

As we know from Greek mythology the son of Helios/Sunna is called Phaëton, and he is known to have tried to drive his father's chariot, but lost control of it and set the Earth on fire. Selene is said to have the four Horae with Helios, and also the mortal man Mousaios.

What we can read from this is that the light from this "Moon mirror" can be very beneficial, enlightening and helpful, but it can also be dangerous to those exposed to it. This naturally confirms European folklore regarding the Moonlight, where it is described as being able to turn you into a lunatic (from the Latin name of the Moon, Luna).

This in turn explains how the beautiful Selene can have a darker side, called Hekate, a goddess of crossroads, fire, light and sorcery. Yes, when you look into this "Moon mirror" you might have come to a crossroad in life, and you will probably either be blessed by this light or become a lunatic. You light your mind up with a light in a metaphysical sense much more powerful even than the Sunlight itself; it has been reflected by the Moon and has thus become stronger.

We know this light can trigger something in us, and the outcome can be good or bad, or perhaps it will have no effect on you. Some set the Earth on fire or become lunatics because they are not ready to control what this triggers; some walk away unaffected, because their minds had not been opened for this (yet?), but some walk away with sorcerous powers and are from then on even more divine and much better than they were before. Try it yourself... if you dare.

Divine Trees

It is a common perception that the old forests of Europe were all large, deep and dark, and that they were made up of old trees. Naturally this is not the case. Many places in Europe there is not enough soil for trees to grow large no matter how old the trees are, and just like today forest fires caused by lightning every now and then burned down a few forests. After every Ice Age ended the forests had to start anew, so to speak, and crawl slowly northwards again, over the open landscape left by the retracting glaciers. The plains were eventually replaced by forests most places, but everything was alive, so nothing remained static for a very long time. Some types of trees took over — “conquered” — the forests and then after a while a whole new type of forest came about, possibly and probably even with a different fauna.

Today most (79%) of the trees in Norway are coniferous, but even in the Viking Age things were different; oak forests dominated the entire coastline. Then came the 15th century, and the oak forests of Norway, and indeed of all of Europe, suffered greatly and most places disappeared altogether, because the Christianized nations of Europe greedily set out to colonize and Christianize the rest of the world — in wooden ships. The coniferous forests took over in Scandinavia.

Although most trees even in the Ancient World were not as old as we would like them to be there were still many very old trees — and a few very old forests too — and it is no wonder why they were seen as sacred and as manifestations of the deities.

Today we still encounter some of these very old trees, if we move about in the wilderness, and some places they are more common than other places, and when we do they still impress us, please us and make us feel something spiritual. Something Divine!

Some might see light, love and hope when kneeling in front of a crude representation of some crucified criminal foreigner,

bleeding and dying slowly on a Roman execution device, but I have to say I prefer the sight of the sacred objects of Ancient Europe.

Man is capable of creating magnificent beauty in our world, but certainly so is nature on its own.

Eternity

The Judeo-Christians did their best to find a creation myth in all the “Pagan” mythologies they encountered, and when they found none they just didn’t get it and twisted every word of that mythology and in effect created a creation myth for it. They were not able to understand that not everything has a beginning and an end. They didn’t fathom eternity.

You might say that we cannot blame them for this, because neither do we — modern men. We can understand eternity, but we can not really fathom it. Because of that one of the most common non-European notions today is that everything has a beginning and an end. Even amongst good European polytheists we find this primitive idea hammered into their minds. It works as a foundation to all their other ideas and because of that definitely limits their ability to think and to see reality.

The Ancient European man was better than us. Yes, we have to admit this; he was better in all respects. He was thus also better intellectually, and unlike us he could fathom eternity. Because of that he created myths that modern man has serious problems interpreting, because he doesn’t really understand them. He is locked in linear time, so to speak. He fails to see beyond the limits of time.

As explained in *Sorcery and Religion in Ancient Scandinavia* the European world view is not linear, it is indeed circular, and thus in fact eternal. It is based on that understanding of eternity that we can not fathom today. There is no creation myth in our mythology. There is no beginning and no end. All births described are mere re-beginnings, so to say; rebirths. What the Judeo-Christians interpreted as «The Twilight of the Gods» or «The End of the World», called Ragnarök, is in fact

just such a re-beginning; a rebirth of everything in nature and in man too.

Modern man reacts to this and asks; but when did it start? Where do they come from? What came first? It never started; it was always there. They didn't come from anywhere; they were always here. Nobody came here first; everyone and everything exist beyond time, i. e. at the same time, in eternity.

The man who failed to fathom eternity created his own flawed theories, that we best know as «The Creation», as described in e. g. the bible. When the same man a few thousand years later got to know more he created a new and to him better idea; «The Big Bang Theory», which of course is in fact identical to «The Creation» in the bible, save that «God» has been replaced by a «Big Bang», and the seven days it took «God» to create the world has been replaced by «evolution». His mind is still stuck in time.

What we should do, even though we can not really fathom eternity, is to think as if there was no beginning and no end. So even though we can not really fathom an endless universe we can base our world view on the understanding that it is indeed endless. Even though we cannot really fathom eternity we can base our world view on the understanding that we live in eternity. There is no beginning! There is no end!

How man came to be is thus a silly question! We didn't! We have always been here, in some form.

Thymos

The Ancient Scandinavian description of man is as I see it rather interesting; it describes the physical body as the *lík* («corpse»), the life-force that gives life to the corpse is called *vörðr* («guardian»), the ability to move and learn through repetition is called *hamr* («shape»), the mind and the ability to reason is called *hugr* («mind») and the spirit – giving divine powers – is called *önd* («spirit»).

Everything physical has a *lík*.

Every plant also has a *vörðr*.

Every animal also has a *hamr*.

Every human being also has a *hugr*.

Every super-human also has an *önd*.

The *lík* needs hard work or physical exercise; the *vörðr* needs warmth, sleep and light, the *hamr* needs joy and appreciation; the *hugr* needs safety, creative expressions, music, art and dreams as well mental challenges, challenges for the memory, concentration and reasoning; the *önd* needs harmony, a super-individualistic perspective and a higher meaning. However, the bodies need the opposite of this as well, to thrive and survive; the *lík* needs rest; the *vörðr* needs cold and darkness; the *hamr* needs sorrow, grieving, silence and emptiness; the *hugr* needs danger, peace of mind and calm; the *önd* needs disharmony and sadness as well as ruthlessness. Too much of one thing can only be destructive though, no matter what that one thing is. Each needs both the positive and the negative. Day and Night. Summer and Winter. Sun and Moon.

If the divine man loses his spirit he becomes a normal human being. If a normal human being loses his mind he becomes an animal. If an animal loses his shape it becomes a plant. If a plant loses its life-force it becomes a corpse.

In a more classical esoteric language these bodies would be called the Physical Being (*lík*), the Etherial Being (*vörðr*), the Astral Being (*hamr*), the Mental Being (*hugr*) and the Spirit (*önd*).

The physical being is of course our flesh and bones, so to speak; the vessel carrying all the other beings. The life-force could probably be said to reside in the blood or some other «life liquid», but most likely in the heart itself. The shape would be our ghost form, an invisible shape filling out the entire physical body (and even if you lose a physical limb, the ghost limb would still be there). The mind would naturally be located in the brain.

So what about the spirit? Where does it reside?

The thymus is a very rarely mentioned human organ, mainly because we really don't know what it's for, save that we do understand it seems to be a part of the immune system. Plato mentions thymos, as one of the three parts of the psyche, and – like so often is the case – the ancients were closer to the truth than we are today. We can thus assume that the spirit resides in the thymus, although certain animals too has a thymus. What to make of that? Well, to have a spirit you need a thymus, but the presence of a thymus does not mean you have a spirit. It just happens to be the organ that will house the spirit if it is present.

The Greeks today use the term to mean «anger». As we know the name Óðinn translates as «fury» as well as «mind», and the rune symbol linked to Óðinn is called AnsuR, from PIE **ans-/and-* (Norse *áss*, known better from its plural form *æsir*), which translates as «spirit», and which is a symbol of a fisherman's spear point, of the type used in the Stone Age to catch fish. This is the spirit that descends from the sky and attaches itself to the earthly body and turns it divine! Óðinn in man, the deities in man, the divine man. Naturally the other mentioned term for spirit, *önd*, also derives from the same PIE root (**ans-/and-*).

Óðinn becomes more and more interesting as a deity, and we understand how many think of him as «the king of the gods», even though Tyr (older form *TiwaR*) is obviously mightier and indeed the true king of the gods. Tyr is the Sky God. Óðinn is just an aspect of Tyr. They are one and the same, of course, and yet different; Óðinn is the heavenly beam that enters man and *inspires* him!

The name of *TiwaR* is interesting too; it translates as «beam», but became known as meaning «gods». He is the divine light not from the Sun or Moon, not from any one of the planets or any one star in particular, but from every celestial object emanating light! He is the Sky God after all! Óðinn is the divine light that inspires man; the light man sees and takes in.

This light in turn can come from any one celestial object, or from several of course.

If you remove the thymus organ from a man he will not die, but the organ assumed to house his spirit is no longer there, so we can assume that he will no longer have a spirit. He will be just an ordinary man from then on – unless of course if he already was, in which case nobody will see any change whatsoever. If you remove the heart you no longer have a life-force, so you will in any case die, and the spirit will leave you. If you remove the brain you will no longer have a mind, and I guess life without a brain is not too common either – although we can easily think otherwise when we see the actions of our politicians.

Only the mainly Neanderthal man has the ability and capacity to «house» a spirit, to be inspired by the deities, to live as part of a deity, to be a deity himself! To do this you need to have Neanderthal blood. Further, you need to have a sufficiently advanced and noble mind, and of course a thymus not damaged. Finally, you need to trigger the enlightenment, so to speak, by way of religion and religious rituals.

This, ladies and gentlemen, explain why I – an actually rather hopelessly a-religious person – find the Ancient European (Neanderthal) religion so important. Every other religion on this planet is just a misinterpretation and misconception of the Ancient European religion, and some times even a twisted, sinister, perverted and soiled version of it as well – as is the case for the Abrahamic religions.

There are three human species and many races of men today, but there are really just three types of men; those who are divine, those who have the potential to become divine and those who are not divine.

Why the European Religion?

The native European religion, traditions, customs, culture and world view, is known in slightly different hues from all over Ancient Europe. This polytheistic religion is the religion of our blood and soil, and like a mind can not be separated from the body this religion can not be separated from us; without it we will cease to be. Without it we will die, like we do today, because we don't practise it. With the re-introduction of the European religion we will start to live like we did before, in harmony with ourselves and our environment, and be able to cultivate our racial peculiarities, known to have brought forth philosophy, mathematics, architecture, beautiful music, sculptures, paintings, poetry, medicine, astronomy and all sorts of technology.

The European religion promotes not some fictional otherworldly "Paradise" as the ultimate goal for each individual man, but instead the eternal life on the soil of the forebears, and immortality through Honour. There is no contempt for the Earth, no description of Earth as something you have to "endure" or "tolerate" until you can move on to something better. The European religion promotes the Earth and life on Earth as something good, valuable and meaningful, and holds the Honourable life as the highest ideal. Life is lived with the betterment of everything in mind, the preservation of the good and the promotion of Honour: the Honourable European lives his life knowing – or if you prefer believing – that he will himself be re-born by his own descendants after he has died, so he does his best to make life as good as possible for those who comes after him. He will not deplete any resources or chop down entire woods for profit, because he knows that he will himself need them in his next life. All he does well in this life will be to his own benefit in his next, and he will only be reborn if he lives and dies with Honour.

The European Religion is not just our religion; it is the quintessence of the European man! The mind and spirit of Europe! Without the European Religion the European man is like a computer without software (e. g. an Atheist), or with

software that is not or only partly compatible with the hardware (e. g. Buddhist) or even with malicious software (like a virus) working to destroy everything inside (e. g. a Christian or Muslim). He is not working properly, if at all, and he will crash. Re-boot if you like, every time you crash, but be prepared to crash again and keep crashing until you remove all viruses and install the right software. You can. Everything you need is here, in this book.

Sacred Groves

Forests have always been an important part of the European religion and culture. All the trees were once upon a time seen as physical manifestations of the deities; in each and every tree a god or a goddess resided, and no tree was cut down unless there was a good reason to do so. The Ancient European man who planned to chop down a tree in the forest would first perform, offer service or sacrifice to the deity, in its temple (i. e. usually a sacred grove, centered around the oldest tree [known to them] connected to the particular deity) or to the tree that was to be chopped down. He explained to the deity why he had to cut the tree down, and what purpose its wood would serve. This little gesture reminded the Ancient European man of the sanctity of the forest and of each and every tree too.

The forest is the home of other manifestations of the deities too; all the wild animals found in Europe were also seen as physical manifestations of the deities. We often know these animals from the mythology as mere attributes of the deities; Freyja's cats or Þórr's goats, Óðinn's wolves and Freyr's boar for example. In reality the cat was Freyja, the goat Þórr, the wolf Óðinn and the boar Freyr. The deities resided in trees and in animals – and of course in man too!

We live in a different age now, in lands where the trees have been cut down to make room for pasture, fields, roads and cities. Animals are scarce too. There is not much left to remind man of the sanctity of either forests or land, of the flora or the fauna. So why would anybody be surprised by the fact that the deities are not much present in man today either? The modern man is a hollow and shallow creature, with little consideration

for the sacred. The pasture that used to be covered by forests is populated by cattle mostly...

I encourage you to take the time to visit a nearby forest. On a warm and sunny day you will notice that the heat outside is unbearable as you walk across the fields leading up to the forest, and the moment you step into the forest you will understand just how important the forest is. In the forest there is always shadow and the temperature is perfectly comfortable, no matter how hot it is outside. The Sun lights up the forest, but blinds nothing in it. The Sun warms up the forest, but burns nothing in it. The wild forest is the most comfortable, natural and safe place you can dream of, it is rich with everything you need, and its sanctity should be clear to anyone who enters. It is the home of our forebears, and where we should live too.

Alas! But we must leave the forest, we can only visit the few forests that are left in Europe every now and then. We live most of the time on the scorched plains outside, blinded and burnt by the Sunlight that would have enlightened and warmed us had we lived in our natural environment. Make haste: plant trees all over Europe, and revive her dying spirit! Make the gods and goddesses return, in nature and in man! Let the roots of strong trees tear up the asphalt and concrete in our streets; let plants enter the cracks of our buildings and demolish them; let thorny branches stretch out into the pasture and fields as the forerunners of tall trees. Let Mother Nature take back what belongs to her – and rejoice! Be grateful for her effort; it is to your benefit. Facilitate the return of reason; plant trees!

Per aspera ad astra

Fellow Europeans; you have to make sacrifices and work hard to keep the good in life, in your land and culture and in your body and mind too. The tradition-religion of our forebears was a system to achieve this, a system that had been created hundreds of thousands of years ago, and that had ever since been improved and perfected for optimal effect.

When the European Neanderthals (i. e. the original Europeans) started to mix with (the African) homo sapiens, from about 100.000 years ago and onwards, the need for such a system grew dramatically, even though the mixing at the time occurred very seldomly and to a very little degree. The adverse effects of this mixing of species were many, significant and dramatic. What had been a steady uphill walk became a dangerous climb up the side of a steep cliff – and when the European man lost his grip he fell, far and long.

Ladies and gentlemen of Europe: it is of utmost importance that we end our fall and start to climb again, collectively. Cast the foreign faith – Christianity – into the abyss, where it belongs, and reclaim your European heritage! Falling might be more easy and comfortable for now, but unless you start to climb you will soon hit the ground – and I can assure you that this will not be comfortable. One day you will have to climb the distance you fell, so the sooner you stop falling, the better.

A Thulêan Perspective

Imagine a life where people trust each other completely because they all are very similar and think the same way. Imagine a life where you don't worry about death, because you trust those around you to raise your children the right way when you are no longer there. Imagine a life where you trust your peers so much and feel so connected to them that you look for excuses to make sacrifices for them, and they do the same for you. Imagine a life where you know that if you earn it you are to be reborn in the future, by your own children or their children, and imagine how much this would benefit your children and their children too. Imagine a life where walking uphill is seen as an opportunity for you to prove how strong you are, or to become stronger if you are not. Imagine a life where the gods and goddesses are not your masters, but your ideals and upholders of the good in man. Imagine a life where the beauty of nature is appreciated, celebrated and maintained as it is, rather than sought destroyed for short term profit. Imagine a life where you never start your life anew, but continue with all the honour and none of the dishonour you had in previous lives. Imagine a life where your achievements

and loyalty is what earns you respect instead of the amount of time you spend begging for forgiveness for 'sins' you never committed or even knew. Imagine a life where nothing is urgent and where you have enough time to manufacture everything the best way possible, with the highest quality and beauty you can produce. Imagine a harmonious life in a homogeneous society...

You have just imagined a life in a European Europe. Let us work together to rebuild what once was, and make room for it in our different world today.

The Way of the Bees

The Northern Lights were in the past used to explain how the spirits of the dead traveled to the Sun to be purified, before they were sent back again. Just like impure ore can be purified by fire and turned into pure metals, the Sun could purify the spirits of the dead. The purer the ore is, the more pure metal will be left after this process, but all ore will be purified by this and leave only pure metal.

The European idea is that in life we can grow or whither, we can become stronger or weaker than we were, and we can remain pure or fail to do so. In the end though, the Sky God weighs us in his hands (the Sun and the Moon) on the sky and if we are found too heavy (dishonour is heavy to carry) we cease to be (i. e. no punishment, no torture, no Hell!). If we are found light enough we are purified and sent back to life free of all dishonour.

The more honour we gained in life, the closer to the divine we start the next time we are born. To reach the divine we need to be honourable to start with, and to continue to gain honour for generations, without falling into the many pits life leads us past.

Always do the honourable thing.

God Unveiled

The term "God" is *deus* in Latin, from Old Latin *divus*. This is actually just a name for the deity we know better as Iuppiter, and from Ancient Greece as Zeus, from Ancient Scandinavia as *Tiwaz and from Sanskrit as Dyaus. All these names derive from proto-

Indo-European *Dyeus/*Diwus.

The evolution of the Scandinavian Tyr:

Norwegian: Tyr

Norse: Tyr (pl. Tivar)

Younger proto-Nordic: *TīwaR

Older proto-Nordic: *Tīwaz (the name used in Scandinavia in Classical Antiquity)

Proto-Indo-European: *Dyeus/*Diwus

The word has come to mean "sky", but the original meaning is "(heavenly) beams"; it refers to the many light sources on our firmament sending beams of light down to us; the Sun and the Moon as well as millions of stars. *Diwus is a Sky God. The Sky God.

As part of this Sky God you will find many other deities: Sun deities, Moon deities, Lightning deities, Thunder deities, Day deities, Night deities, Dawn deities, Sorcery deities, War deities, Spirit deities, and so forth. They all stem from the Sky God, and are a part of him.

Dear European Christians: this is our God. If you wish to pray to and follow a Sky God, please at least follow our own Sky God, and not some Hebrew demiurge from the desert.

Goddess Unveiled

The European religion is not a monotheistic religion; the Sky God is all the Sky deities in one deity concept. Likewise, the Earth Goddess is all the Earth deities in one deity concept; she is all the deities of the earth, sea, the ice, the water, plants, trees, animals *et cetera*. They have both masculine and feminine qualities.

The Evolution of the Scandinavian Jôrð (English; Earth):
Norwegian: Jord
Norse: Jôrð
Proto-Nordic: Erþo

In Christianity the European Earth Goddess has been adopted as a concept, but has been reduced to being the human mother of the deity. In the European religion she is no less important than the Sky God; they are equal in value, but different from each other, like men and women are. They are a pair, and as we know a pair is needed to produce children (eternal life,). He is the blessing light, warmth and rain from the Sky, and she is the beauty and health of the Earth. Together they give everything that man needs: Sunlight (and warmth), rain and good health (beauty), and not least; children...

Divine Child Unveiled

The divine child is a well-known concept from pre-Christian Antiquity. In order to dupe Europeans into accepting Christianity the Early Christians adopted this concept too, because it is so essential to the European understanding of life.

In order for the child to become divine the divine father must first die; the child then travels into the realm of death and spends some time with the divine mother in the grave. He is thus initiated and is then reborn; he has become divine! He has become the divine father himself.

This is the quintessence of European religion; the cultivation of honour and the honourable man. You are not a real man, you have not been elevated to the divine until you have been chosen by the honourable dead to be reborn as one of them.

Thus the European children of the past had no "real" names. They were often just called "Raven", "Bear", "Fox", "Lynx" or named after some other animal. They had to enter the realm of the dead (i. e. the burial mound or the burial cave) and solve the riddles posed to them by the *valkyrja* ("chooser of the fallen"). They would then be reborn with the name of the honourable dead chosen by them. The honour was not the only thing used to attract children to the dead; they were also

buried with all their richness. The children would take these items from the grave and bring them back out, to be their own possessions (but they gave them first to [a man impersonating] Heimdallr/Cronos/Saturn for safekeeping until Yule eve). It was not seen as a grave robbery: they were going to be reborn as the person in the grave, so they would only reclaim what was their own possession.

Yes, there were very few "grave robberies" in Antiquity; most of the time they only used these burial mounds as intended. So there is nothing left there; those who were buried there were reborn...

The reborn child was a divine child, now being a part of a *hamingja*, and they returned from the grave on the 25th day of what to us would be December, and those who had succeeded with their initiation received their gifts (i. e. the valuables from the grave). Those who failed received only ashes from the grave. Heimdallr would then return the items to the opening of the grave, from whence they had been collected, something archaeological finds is evidence of. They have found several graves with the valuables inside located just inside the entrance.

The god who gave them these gifts, Heimdallr, is known to live on the North Pole, the reindeer is his sacred animal, the pine his sacred tree, and his hearing is so good he can hear the wool grow on sheep, and his eyesight so good he can see the grass grow. He is the deity of the concept: "You harvest what you sow". Today we know him best as "Santa Claus", but he used to be called simply "The White God".

With time, sometime in the 5th century I think, and only after many years of internal conflict, with several popes objecting strongly against it, the Christians started to use this part of the European religion as well, and claimed their fictional "saviour" was born on the 25th day of December. Heimdallr was replaced by a Greek saint, living in what is today Turkey. Saint Nicolas.

The divine child has honour, he has *hamingja*, so he has eternal life. Whenever he dies he will be reborn. When he is reborn he ceases to be a human being, and instead becomes a deity. His world is divine, because he is. So he resides in "Heaven". This is the origin of the "salvation" and "eternal life in Heaven" offered by the fraudulent Jesus of the bible.

Christianity is a pitiful, meaningless and utterly worthless religion. The only reason why it has some appeal to many in Europe is that it seems to hold so many truths; it does because it has stolen and incorporated so much of the European religion into itself. But it does not hold any truths; the good symbolism, the good concepts are all there, but it is all empty and without any meaning. They ate it all, but failed completely to digest what they ate. Christianity, dear ladies and gentlemen, is nothing but a scam.

To those poor individuals who have been duped by the Judeo-Christian gibberish they call Christianity, I can tell that everything you look for, everything you hold dear, everything you long for and embrace is present in the European religion. It is a religion made by our forebears, for themselves, but also for us.

Many of us are them – we have been reborn with a *hamingja* – but the rest of our forebears are still waiting to be reborn. You see, most men today have no deeper understanding of anything at all. They were never initiated, by chance or on purpose, so they have no direction, no purpose and no meaning of life. They are just wandering aimlessly around, not even knowing what they are looking for; they easily fall prey to the lies of our enemies.

Look to your roots and you will find it all. The truth is in your blood. That is of course if it still is European...

Virgin Goddess

In the European initiation ritual the candidate travels into the world of the dead, the burial mound, and meets there a

woman, dressed like a bear (a true *valkyrja*); when he leaves the burial mound he is reborn, with a *hamingja*.

The woman playing the role of the she-bear was a former May Queen, meaning that she was in fact a virgin. So the new-born (re-born) candidate was actually (symbolically) given birth to by a virgin. The European initiates were all thus born by virgins...

The idea that Jesus was born by a virgin is of course not an original claim in Christianity. This foreign sect adopted the idea later on in order to make Europeans believe that their leader, the criminal Jesus, had been initiated and was a real human being.

The father of Jesus is said to have been God (i. e. the Sky God), who impregnated the virgin mother in form of a "holy ghost", but this too is naturally a misinterpretation of the European rite, where the candidate is not fathered by the spirits of the dead, but becomes one of the spirits of the dead, and becomes a part of his *hamingja*.

The most common idea in Europe at the time (in Classical Antiquity) was that the candidate was reborn not just as an honourable dead, but as a dead (and of course still an honourable) forebear – and not uncommonly as his own father. He in such cases would be his own father, reborn.

Europeans were in this context divided into two groups: those who had been initiated and those who had not. The latter group were defined as mere children, and of course most of them were too. The European children had to from very early on go through the same rites every year – the Halloween festival and the Yule festival and ultimately the rebirth on Ragnarök (our New Year's Eve) – and they would not become real men until they succeeded; until they had the guts to face the horrors of the burial mound, until they had the brains to solved the riddles, and so forth. Some made it when they were very young, but others had to wait for the teenage years, and if a person never succeeded he would not be accepted as a real

human being, as a real member of society, and he would either eventually die from lack of support or at least not be allowed to procreate.

The "Saviour" the Early Christians presented to the Europeans was a Middle Eastern character, so he had of course not gone through any of these European rituals. He was not accepted by the Europeans, until of course they changed the story and presented it as if he had indeed been a real man. He had, they claimed, gone through the same European initiation ritual.

Of course, the bible gets it all wrong; it bears clear evidence of having been written by individuals who knew the European rites only from the outside, so it doesn't make any sense. The virgin mother is not described as a priestess teaching secret verses to the candidates in a sacred chamber under the surface of the Earth, but she is instead described as his real mother. This of course is ludicrous! But what else to expect? What did they know about this, after all? The "holy ghost" too makes no sense; they didn't understand the idea of elves living in the burial ground, or that these were actually the spirits of the honourable dead, so they turned into a "holy ghost" impregnating the real mother. The honourable dead had been real gods when alive, some of them probably the Sky God, and this too became mixed into this bizarre scam, and thus "the holy ghost" was sent by the Sky God to impregnate the mother.

If we turn this around, like some deluded Europeans do, in a desperate attempt to make Christianity look European, we can say that Jesus indeed was a European man, who had gone through the initiation ritual, and he was then misused by these sinister "Early Christians" to create a new type of cult in Europe, but... if this is the case, then each and every one of us should realise that the Jesus character was nothing special. He was just another European man, a real man like almost all others in Europe, a man who had - like pretty much all other adult Europeans, gone through the initiation rites with success.

No matter how you twist this thing; Jesus was and still is completely irrelevant. He was either an Asian criminal being presented to Europeans as a European initiate, something that was done to make Europeans listen to his words in the first place (they would probably ignore him and his nonsense completely unless he was presented that way), or he was just another European, that had gone through the exact same rites that pretty much all other Europeans had gone through too.

About War & Duels

European men often glorify war; the self-sacrificial will of the warriors, the special trust and comradeship forged between men in war and the ability of and opportunity for men to show their courage, strength and skill! The romantic image of the warrior is very strong with us!

In reality war is of course horrible. It is not only horrible, because what we glorify in this context is also true, but it is mainly horrible. Especially when it affects women and children, like it does today, and like it always has done.

War is actually a rather modern phenomenon though: it came with agriculture in the Neolithic age, because man settled down and started to have conflicting interests that they had never had before, usually over land, and that affected not just individuals, but entire tribes.

Before agriculture "war" didn't exist, as is suggested by all archaeological evidence. Instead we had duels...

The duel continued to exist in Europe well into historic times, even after the introduction of agriculture, and in a sense it still does, at least with children, who every now and then agree to settle things with a fair fight, boy against boy (or maybe I am just very old....we at least used to do that when I was a kid).

The concept of the duel was to allow each family or tribe to present a champion that was to represent them. This way the suffering and losses were reduced to a minimum for both sides, and it was indeed a very honest way to settle disputes. The champion forged a strong bond to his family or tribe by

standing up and fighting for them, and in fact they enjoyed all the positive sides of war.

A duel is often thought of as a very deadly event, at least for one of the duelists, but in reality it rarely was deadly. The rules for dueling varied a lot in Ancient Europe, but generally speaking we can say that the idea was that two men met to fight on a small island, within a stone circle or on a hill top, or some other limited area. If a champion was forced out of the area by the other champion he lost the duel (like in Sumo wrestling). When weapons were involved the point was rarely to kill the other champion, or even to maim him: the point was to ensure that the other champion was the first to be injured. The first one to bleed lost the duel. As simple as that. They also had other rules, like they usually restricted the number of shields each champion was allowed to use in the duel to three, and of course the challenged part was allowed to choose the type of duel they were going to have.

Wasting the best men in war is folly. You see, the best men die in war, and are therefore not able to produce children inheriting their qualities. They die because they are the most self-sacrificial and the most courageous and thus the most likely to die first. And they do. And they did. *En masse*. Our best men were cut down like hay, for thousands of years, reducing rather than increasing the quality of our species. The men left to impregnate the women were most of the time of inferior quality.

Would you not have preferred that e. g. the Norse hero on Stamford bridge (who was said by the men he was fighting against to have killed 40 of their warriors all by himself) instead survived and was able to procreate? If we can assume that he didn't have any children before this his good genes are instead lost forever, because of war. What a loss to Europe!

From now on, whenever I talk warmly about war please remind me of the fact that duels are much better, in every way, as long as European brothers fight each other. Champions

representing tribes in duels are no less heroic and admirable than warriors going into battle. The champion survive. And he will get the best woman instead of a man inferior to him. And he will procreate. And he thus improves the genetic quality of our species!

Let us embrace a system for Europe that lets the best amongst us prevail, at the expense of the worst. Not *vice versa*.

War is only something we should seek when all other routes are closed.

To those who think duels need only be about physical strength, and thus only promotes brutes, I can tell that duels were often of intellectual nature: word duels were quite common. They fought in duels of wits, and the smartest emerged as the winner. Some times even the funniest won. "The first one to make (an impartial part) laugh has won". We even know this type of challenge from mythology, when Loki has to make Skaði laugh as part of an agreement.

The Roots of Europe

Some Europeans are born into Christianity, and then after they grow more intelligent and get to know more they reject it and become real Europeans instead. Others are born into more agnostic families, but are still forced to grow more intelligent and knowledgeable before they can adopt a more European belief system and world view. Very few of us have been lucky enough to be born into truly European families.

Most of us struggle in this process. From the moment we open our eyes we are bombarded with lies, and much is done to lead us away from our roots. Everything seems to be better than our own roots, according to those who rule, and everything is okay – even Satanism – as long as we don't find back to our roots. Yes, you can even worship the fictional devil if you like to, as long as you don't pay any attention to the gods of your forebears. For anything in this world, they don't want you to find back to your roots!

Europe used to be better; healthier, cleaner, greener and happier. We had our problems in the glorious past too, sure, but all of them were healthy, and part of life on this beautiful planet. They were just good for us, as explained in *The Maiden of the Labyrinth*.

The problems we have today are of a different nature: they rot us from within. They destroy us and our culture. In the name of the foreign idols, they disarm us and prohibit us from defending ourselves. They remove our heritage, and replace it with foreign cultures, like they are replacing us with foreigners today. If this trend continues, with time everything European will be rooted out from Europe, just like they want it to be. Only the ruins left by our forebears will be left, for some time anyhow. We and all our achievements will be erased from history, and others will take credit for all the good we ever did. Judeo-Christianity is the reason why we risk suffering this fate.

Judeo-Christianity is a genocidal tool, created to destroy us and remove us and even our memory from the face of the Earth, and it is the basis on which all the other genocidal tools that are being used against us were created, and where they stem from.

The European genocide has been going on for up to 2000 years. It is about time we stop this. If you wish to save Europe you must first of all save us from Judeo-Christianity, in all forms and shapes, in all hues and sizes. Cast it out! Get rid of it: lock, stock and barrel!

Return to your roots! Like any tree out there, you too need your roots to survive: to grow tall and old, strong and beautiful.

Middle Earth

The European mythology has been interpreted for us by Judeo-Christians, and their version of our heritage has been spread throughout the literate world. Our mythology has been reduced to a funny curiosity, a primitive fairy tale, a silly misunderstanding of reality. There is nothing to it other than

that, really.... it's not even a religion; it's just a mythology. Right?

Our world was seen as a tree, and if the tree fell the sky would fall down, and of course all the "Pagans" were convinced that this was nonsense when the glorious and heroic priests of Christendom chopped down the Irminsûl in Germany and the sky didn't fall down. Ha ha, how could they be so silly and ignorant? Right?

Our gods are like cartoon figures, flying through the air riding eight-legged horses and wagons pulled by goats or cats. Freyja is the goddess of love. Óðinn the god of war and poetry. Þórr the god of thunder. *Et cetera*. They are one-dimensional characters all of them.

No need to dig any deeper... it's all nonsense. Entertaining, yes, but that's it. Move along. Move on to the more advanced monotheistic religions. Yes, evolution made sure we developed more advanced religions, than those primitive polytheistic ones. Religions with morals. Yes, there are no morals in the primitive religions. Right?

As you can gather, the above is pretty much how our societies present the world view and religion of our forebears to us all. It's all nonsense, gone forever and thank God it is... We will not return to it anymore than we will return to believing the world is flat.

Only... our forebears didn't the world was flat. This is a modern myth. We know that they perfectly well knew that the world is round. Linguists all agree on this, and we have plenty of archaeological evidence supporting this too.

So, they did not think the world was flat, and when you realize that, you should understand that everything else they tell us about the mythologies of our forebears is a lie too.

Let me start with the Scandinavian world tree, pictured as a tree growing on a flat disc (they did believe the Earth is flat, after all, right?...), with the roots reaching down into Hel and

the crown of the tree into the sky, where the gods reside. The stem is located in the world of the living, Middle-Earth... So there is a world of the dead, a world of the living and a world of gods.

The main problem I see here is that they separate man from the divine; man is on Earth, and the divine in Heaven, and some times the divine moves amongst us silly mortals here on Earth. Sorry, but that is not a European world view: that's the Judeo-Christian world view. In European polytheism man becomes a deity, on Earth, by impersonating him. He goes through an initiation process, he improves, he matures, he becomes better; he cultivates the divine in himself and through that becomes a god himself! The divine is always there, inside him and all around him, influencing the course of events. So the gods and man live next to each other, in the same world. They *all* live in Ásgarðr ("the spirit garden"), the crown of the tree of life.

So what is Miðgarðr ("Middle Earth") then? It is located in between the world of life (Ásgarðr) and the world of death (Hel). But what is? Birth? Dying? Some sort of undead world? Actually: Yes...

The Middle Earth is the burial mound, a fenced in sacred place, where the bodies of the honourable dead reside. The honourable dead are not dead forever though: they are just waiting to be reborn, so they are not in Hel ("hidden"), where the shadows reside, but in a Middle Earth, a world in between life and death: when you are dead but are just waiting to be reborn again.

Ergo: dead is only what is not honourable and worthy of remembrance.

The idea is that when I die my shadow (i. e. the bad I have ever done) will be cast into Hel, to be forever gone (i. e. forgotten). We don't want that part of us. We only want to remember the good I did. We only want to bring with us into the future the memory of my honourable deeds. Why would the next

generation want to cultivate my bad aspects or my mistakes? They would not become divine by doing so! They will only become divine by cultivating the good, the just, the strong, the fair, the brave, *et cetera*. They will only grow better from the memory of their dead if they remember them only for the good they did. Dwell not in the shadows; it will only darken your mind.

We, ladies and gentlemen, live in Ásgarðr, alongside the gods and goddesses. If you can not see them it's only because a shadow clouds your mind, because a veil of lies covers your eyes: Because a Judeo-Christian choir is screaming lies into your ears, and thus prevents you from hearing the divine song. The divine is here: in the air, in the trees, in the water, in the soil and rocks, and most importantly: in you! You have the potential to become a god or a goddess yourself. Just reach out and grab all that is good, and embrace it until your last breath. Cling unto it with all your force, and never let go of it, no matter how hard the shadows pull and try to pry it from your hands. Become one with the divine; become divine yourself! Make sure that what is good becomes inseparable from what is you! When you do there is nothing they can do to harm you:

There is no death for the honourable. They live forever: They return to life from the Middle Earth, the world in between the world of the dead and the world of the living, when they are chosen by children to be reborn - as them.

The European religion is a system for the cultivation of the good in man, of the honourable deeds and the honourable life - with the aim to turn society into a "heaven on Earth" (because life on Earth is what we have!) and the best men and women into deities. It is a way to turn lead into gold, so to speak, in a spiritual sense.

The European religion is a celebration of life on Earth, in great contrast to the death-worshipping Judeo-Christianity, which spreads nothing but contempt for life on Earth, and favours some fictional "Paradise", where the Judeo-Christians presumably don't have to do anything hard (or honourable...)

ever again. Judeo-Christianity is but a cultivation of laziness, hedonism and cowardice.

I am a European polytheist, so I walk on overgrown paths, through the dense underbrush of a vast shadowy wilderness. Some times I walk in darkness, knowing not what fate leads me into. Some times I walk in freezing rain, and struggle to stay alive. I often stumble over old roots and hidden crevices in the ground. I fall on sharp rocks and tree stumps, into cold streams and down steep cliffs. But every time I do I smile, take pride in my bruises and cuts, get back up and keep walking. Life is good, not "even" in adversity, but in particular in adversity, because adversity is what brings forth the opportunity for you to prove yourself, to gain honour!

Your honour is what will make your descendants remember you, admire you and become better because of you.

The Goddess Freyja

Yes, she is described by the scholars as being a *dís*, a female *vanr*, a goddess of love and fertility – who slept with seven dwarves to get a necklace. They will tell you that after a war between the two races of gods she was accepted amongst the *æsir* ("spirits"), but that she originally was of another race of gods. Some add that perhaps the *vanir* were the original Scandinavian gods, testament to a matriarchal cult, which was replaced by the gods and cult of the immigrating Indo-European battle axe peoples, which replaced the European populations some thousand years ago. Or at least assimilated them. According to them, that is...

Please allow me to wake you up from this Judeo-Christian fantasy.

Every Spring our forebears arranged contests, so called ring games, that they used to select the best amongst them. The "best" was defined as (for women) the most beautiful and hard-working or (for men) the bravest, strongest, wisest and most capable. As explained in *The Sacred Marriage* and *The Apples of Eternal Youth*.

There was no "war" between different races of gods: There was only an annual May contest, intended to find "the most beautiful" amongst them; the winners of the past year's contest participated, trying to keep their titles and win the games this year as well. Only the deities (initiated men and women) could participate, and the winners were called the *vanir* ("beautiful"). So they were all *æsir*, and the winners were called *vanir* too.

With the coming of the spiritual Black Death (*alias* Judeo-Christianity) to Europe these games changed: the European man refused to let go of his heritage, even under threats of death and torture, so the May games turned into annual knight tournaments, and the selection of the "Freyja" was done with the lance; by lowering the lance towards the favoured maiden, who would tie her handkerchief to the lance if she accepted the knight as her champion. The knight would then tie her handkerchief to his sleeve, to make sure he didn't lose it (spawning the proverb: "Carry your heart on your sleeve").

I can add that these knight tournaments were practised continuously from late Antiquity up until the 19th (or even the 20th) century, the last ones I think in Saxony in Germany. I can also add that these games are still being practised in Scandinavia, every (in Norway the 17th of) May – only they have been reduced to just fun competitive games for children.

Freyja is not of another divine race. She is just the most beautiful female individual in the group. There was no Indo-European invasion into Europe or a conquest by some "battle axe" people; there was only migration of tribes, back and forth, and back again, and then by chance the language of one of these pretty much by then identical tribes became the most popular and widely used – and their axes became status symbols (like e. g. some cars today are). Basque, Finnish and Magyar are no less European because of that though, or more European for that sake – and as much as 40% of the Germanic vocabulary is actually proto-Scandinavian, and not Indo-European at all. Not that it matters though: both Indo-European and proto-Scandinavian are European languages.

Further, there was no change in cults in Europe. We have practised our European religion continuously since pre-historic times, and the changes we have seen have been minuscule. Freyja has been the same always, and she still is. Her name is an honorary title given to the most beautiful divine (initiated) girls amongst us, and it means "free", "liberate" and "love". She is the mother of the light elves, meaning that your immortality is secured through honour: only the honourable becomes light elves in the grave, waiting to be reborn.

Yet further, I will add that no: Freyja is not a goddess of "fertility". Getting pregnant was hardly a problem for women in the Ancient World (even though it is today, for many, because of our modern lifestyle and women waiting too long before they choose to have children). What was a problem was the birth itself: After the native Europeans (Neanderthals) mixed with Homo Sapiens, surviving birth became a challenge for the women. The mixing of species had left the women with a narrower and smaller pelvis, meaning the infants with big European heads often killed the mother (and themselves) when she tried to give birth to them.

European new-borns have the biggest heads in the world... and in Europe "of course" the Scandinavian new-borns are the biggest. European women also have the longest pregnancies, on average one week longer than Asian ones and two weeks longer than African ones. This is also why we see the so-called "Venus figures" (from the Stone Age), which are, my wife has pointed out, not at all an idealization of fat women, but obviously images of women just after they have given birth: in other words women who have just survived one of the most dangerous things they could be exposed to!

Finally, the confusing myth about her sleeping with seven dwarves to get the necklace of fire, causing her to be called a whore and a slut by the Judeo-Christians. First of all, a "dwarf" is actually the body of a dead person, resting underground, with all his most valuable possessions. Also, the necklace of fire is the bonfires along the coast, burning and lighting up the

night on the Summer Solstice, when Freyja is said to be (re-)born; she ascends naked from the water, with the reflection of the many bonfires around her neck.

In order to be re-born, you first have to die, right? And if the bodies of the dead are called "dwarves", then you have to "sleep with the dwarves" in order to be re-born. This is also, as it happens, exactly how our forebears were initiated and became divine. In order to become Freyja, the girls had to enter the grave and be symbolically re-born, as goddesses. They completed this rite of passage by undressing and then rising naked from the sea (which explains why the Greeks called her Aphrodite), on the Summer Solstice, and then jump naked through the fire, to show their courage and to be cleansed by the fire.

Dwarf, Norse *dvergr*, female form *dyrgja* from: *dyrr* ("door") and *gjá* ("opening in the ground"). Ergo, dwarf is originally a name on the entrance to the burial mound: a door opening in the ground, a place where they put in the bodies of the dead.

Freyja is a goddess of love, freedom, youthful health and beauty (in mind and body). She is "just" a human being: The most beautiful of the initiated girls in your group, chosen to represent the divine principles of love, freedom, youthful health and beauty. All "worship" of her must be seen in this light.

Think better of her, and think better of your forebears and their ability to shape wonderful, beautiful and healthy societies, where the good in man and nature was cultivated like no other place. Think better of everything European in general... rip down and cast aside the sinister veil of lies put up in between you and your heritage by the Judeo-Christians.

I will hail Freyja, and present her as a much better ideal for young girls and women, than any of the women (or rather: females...) that they are encouraged to embrace today by mainstream society.

Freyja:

Greek: Aphrodite ("born from sea foam").

Roman: Venus ("beautiful", from the same PIE root *ven- that is found in the Norse term *vanir*) & Libera ("free, liberate"....).

Celtic: Aine.

Slavic: Shieba or Lada.

Hindu: Shiva ("bringer of happiness").

Sympathetic Sorcery

One of the things I enjoyed the most with Sir James Frazer's *The Golden Bough* was his description of sympathetic sorcery (alias "magic"). It explains so much about so many things, and if understood by the reader it also makes you understand that *we still believe in sorcery*. From Wikipedia: "Several studies have found that even today humans maintain a belief that "certain properties are contagious, either in a good or a bad way", in a manner similar to sympathetic magic, such that even a replica of a celebrity's guitar may become a fetish."

In the Scandinavian mythology we often learn about journeys made by Óðinn (*WôðanaR), Loki (*Lukan), Heimdallr (*HaimadalpaR) or some other deity, and when I claim (in *Sorcery and Religion in Ancient Scandinavia*) that these are just descriptions of different high festivals, I also make it clear that the deity or deities acting in these myths are actually men imitating them.

Yes, the deity does not make these journeys; a man dressed up as him does. A man imitating him does. By doing so the man becomes the deity, and when he becomes the deity he also gains his powers. By imitating something good you become good yourself.

In the May contests the best man and the best woman are selected to become the Sky God and the Earth Goddess. When they do they gain all the powers of the deities: All male power in the God-King and all female power in the Goddess-Queen.

The attributes of the God-King are the hammer/axe/club (originally stone) of Þórr (*ÞunaR), the sword of Loki and the crown/halo of Baldr (*BalðuR). With the hammer he passes

judgement, and strikes down the criminals of society. With the sword he blesses his own warriors by transferring the power of the Sun (via the lightning, i. e. the sword) to them; by placing the sword on their shoulders. With the crown he lights up the world, and rules society informed and justly.

Note: Judges today still use the hammer to pass judgement. Kings still hold their scepters (hammers), swords and crowns as symbols of their power and position.

When he loses a May contest the God-King must symbolically die for his divine power to be transferred to the new winner. Some think this was originally done by executing the old King, and some times it probably was, but from historical times it was commonly done by letting the new winner slash with his sword on an idol representing the deity, the Sky God. Thus killing the old God-King and transferring all his power to the new winner. When he did he had to make a promise, known in Scandinavia as a "Brageløfte" (a "winner's promise"), to perform an act of heroism.

If the sword got stuck in the idol, usually a wooden pole, the new winner had to pull the sword (and all the divine power with it) from the idol using only his sword hand, and if he failed the spirits had refused him and wanted another winner to replace him. The second-best of the May contests could then have a go, and if he managed to free the sword from the idol he would become the new God-King instead. The new God-King would then have to perform the act of heroism promised by the one who slashed the idol. Naturally, this is what happens in the King Arthur myth, only in that myth the wooden idol has been replaced by a stone - and the promise of the slasher was to unite Albion under his rule.

The logic is clear: If the sword can transfer the power of the Sun to the warriors, then it can also transfer the power of the idol (symbolising the deity) to the winner.

The Goddess-Queen is equipped with a cauldron, a (copper) cup or a sacred source, and all those who drink from this will be blessed; healthier, more beautiful, stronger and of course for

women: more likely to survive giving birth. This is of course the origin of "The Holy Grail", of the Arthurian myths. It has nothing whatsoever to do with Judeo-Christianity or their foreign "saviour".

Sympathetic sorcery is a rather universal concept: it can be found all over our planet, in all cultures and all religions, and just like the name King Arthur ("bear") suggests, the origin of this concept can be found in the Bear Cult: the Stone Age precursor to all religion.

We live in a world of sorcery, and we all more or less consciously use – or try to use – sorcery in the everyday life. Whether by thinking a certain way, by our actions or even by reciting what is essentially spell formulas. Even those who laugh at the idea of sorcery try to use sorcery in their everyday lives... The belief in sorcery permeates our societies!

Perhaps we should simply change our perspective, and regard and think of our world in a different (more sorcerous) way. If we do, not only will we better understand the nature of sorcery, but we will also be better equipped to master it, and to use it to build more harmonious societies: In accordance with our divine, spiritual and sorcerous nature.

We limp blindfolded towards our doom in the darkness spread by the cruel cult of Jesus, and see no magic in our world. Our sacred temples have been confiscated by them, and lies in ruins beneath their shadowy temples. Our deities have been twisted into "Saints" and are used to spread poison, shame and further confusion. The spiritual in our world has been strangled and is disguised and presented to us by them as "superstitions" and "sins".

Sorcery is ever-present in their dark cult, although they fail to see it themselves, but when not black as the hair of their foreign "saviour", and working against our nature, it is banned as evil, sinful, hateful and malicious – ironically; everything they are themselves.

Break free from their filthy blood-stained claws, escape the blackness of their foreign world. Open your eyes, and embrace the divine, the spiritual and the sorcery of our beautiful world!

The Christian Triumph

Some times I hear from Christians that: "Well, Christianity must have been better and stronger than European polytheism, because Christianity prevailed".

Christianity didn't really prevail in Europe. Christianity almost destroyed Europe; suffocated her in darkness, backwardness, stupidity, ignorance and destruction. As we know, the first thousand years of Christianity in Europe is called "The Dark Ages"! Christianity pulled a very advanced Europe down so far, that by the time of the Crusades the Muslims were ahead of us. They were still far behind the "Pagan" Europe (as it had been a thousand years earlier), but at the time of the Crusades they were miles ahead of Europe in almost all contexts.

To those who think that only Greece and The Roman Empire was anything worth: yes, the rest of Europe was advanced too. E. g. Scandinavians were navigating the high seas when the rest of the world was still forced to travel along the coast. Our beautiful buildings were made of wood, so they did not survive the Christian onslaught. Our culture was oral, so we have almost no records of what we did, thought or wanted, and when we find evidence of something great, advanced and interesting from our pre-Christian past, the people in power today are quick to destroy it all. They will see no such thing. So we don't either.

The Renaissance did not come by chance, but because it was needed. Europe absolutely had to breathe again, think, create and advance again – and the Christians failed to stop this. What followed then was several hundred years of 'witch hunts', resulting in (some claim as much as) millions of deaths. We can assume that it was no coincidence that this came with the Renaissance: This is how they tried to stop it! This is how they tried to stop the European ideals from forcing their way

back up into the light; by murdering those they thought were behind it or in some way contributed to it.

That is a point: The European ideals forced their way back up into the light. You see, they were never gone. They just went underground, and when the priest knocked on the door to see if you were 'Christian enough', with his henchmen at his side ready to torture and kill, the people living there often just pretended to be Christians. They went to church. Hung the cross over their beds. Married in church. And did everything the priests expected them to do. Then, in private, in secret, they kept the European traditions alive.

Yes, you see, Christianity never really prevailed. Even though Europe was and is more or less officially Christian, many and some times most of us Europeans are not, and never were. We know that today most of us are not, but we are told that we used to be. Even that is not true though: Just like today, the majority of Europeans in the past were not Christians. The only difference is that today we no longer have to pretend we are, in order not to be tortured, killed and burned at the stake.

Christian logic: "If she drowns, she was innocent. If she floats, she is guilty and must be killed!". So they get to murder the true European man no matter what.

The Christians stopped murdering European polytheists not because they all of a sudden became moral and honourable, but because they no longer have the power to do so. If they could they would. But they can't because Christianity is weak. Because Christianity has lost!

Here in Western Europe pretty much only old people are Christian. There are some young too, but they are rare, and most of them have gotten rid of that Asian psychosis before they are done with puberty. In reality, we can expect Christianity to completely go away from Western Europe within a few generations. It will die with the (fewer and fewer) fools who still cling to it.

So I wish to ask you: "Well, if Christianity was better and stronger than European polytheism, why is it European polytheism was never successfully removed, even after thousands of years of persecutions? Why is it more and more Europeans embrace their own heritage? Why is it Christianity is failing so miserably?"

Christianity conquered Europe, but never the peoples of Europe. Most of us were, and still are, European in heart and mind, even after two thousand years of Christian terror. Two-thousand-years, and you still have not managed to convert even one third of us!

Qua medicamenta non sanant ignis sanat

We have Christians today who argue and wish us to believe that Christianity was welcomed here in Europe. They tell us that most of our forebears embraced this new 'true' religion with open arms! "Halleluja!" According to some Christians several (Christian) sources even speak of 'mass conversions' of European "Pagans", who were only happy to get rid of their old beliefs ('superstitions') and world view in favour of Christianity.

However, all the non-Christian sources, and many of the Christians sources too, speak of a violent, unwilling and horrible conversion of the European peoples.

So what are we supposed to believe in? Who is telling the truth here?

Think about this for a minute; if the Ancient Europeans were so willing to get rid of their old religion in favour of Christianity, then why are 100% of the holidays we today think of as Christian or European polytheistic origin? That doesn't add up. If you embrace a new religion and cast aside your own, then why would you keep practising your own religion - and with timeforce the new religion to incorporate your festivals into itself?

The Christians tried desperately to remove the old religion, but the Europeans refused to stop practising it, even after they officially had become 'Christianized'. Even under threat of torture, execution and imprisonment, they refused to get rid of the old religion! In the end the Christians had to steal the European high festivals (like Pope Julius I did in 350 with the Yule festival), get involved in the European festivals and eventually give them more or less new contents – but even there they failed; the 'Christian' festivals still have the European contents, and this can be seen as bright and clear as the sun in most of them; everything from eating the 'body' of the deity of the crops and drinking the 'blood' of the deity of grapes and wine (Freyr/Dionysos), to sacred trees during the Yule celebration, everything from a forefather cult on Halloween to burning fires on Mid-Summer Night. It is all European! Come on; do you think any of this is Christian? And if these purely European festivals and traditions were kept by the Europeans for up to 2000 years, then why would you believe that they converted *en masse* to Christianity? Why would you believe the claim that they were only 'happy' to get rid of their old 'superstitions' in favour of Christianity? If Christianity was welcomed, then why do we still practise only European high festivals (even though they have been given a Christian content)?

Then there is another point; the Dark Ages, the centuries when most of Europe was Christianized is a 'black hole' in history. We know almost nothing about what happened. Then when it was over, most of Europe had been officially Christianized... (but was still practising their own high festivals).

What happened during the Dark Ages, when the technologically superior (compared to the rest of the world) and culturally rich Europe was Christianized, and emerged as a technologically inferior (compared to the Asian world) and culturally retarded continent? What did the Early Christians really do in order to gain the power here in our part of the world?

Why was it the return to the "Pagan" philosophy, mythology and science, in the Renaissance, that brought superiority and light back to Europe? If Europe had not re-found to the European light, we would have been completely crushed. The darkness of Christianity would have destroyed us.

The Dark Ages

The Dark Ages is a term used to describe the period between the fall of the Roman Empire and the Renaissance. It is called by that name because "The period is characterized by a relative scarcity of historical and other written records at least for some areas of Europe, rendering it obscure to historians". We can also read that: "The concept of a Dark Age originated with the Italian scholar Petrarch (Francesco Petrarca) in the 1330s, and was originally intended as a sweeping criticism of the character of Late Latin literature. Petrarch regarded the post-Roman centuries as "dark" compared to the light of classical antiquity. Later historians expanded the term to refer to the transitional period between Roman times and the High Middle Ages (c. 11th – 13th century), including the lack of Latin literature, and a lack of contemporary written history, general demographic decline, limited building activity and material cultural achievements in general. Later historians and writers picked up the concept, and popular culture has further expanded on it as a vehicle to depict the Middle Ages as a time of backwardness, extending its pejorative use and expanding its scope."

As we know, the fall of Rome came shortly after the introduction of Judeo-Christianity as the official cult, and we also know that the Renaissance was a renaissance of the "Pagan" (i. e. European) culture, ideals, philosophy, science and values, that by the 14th century had began to return to Europe from the Muslim world via crusaders and Muslim invaders. Unlike the Judeo-Christians, who burned and destroyed everything European they came across, the Muslims had kept much of the European literature they came across.

The early Dark Ages are described as "The Migration Period", when different European tribes moved about: first Huns and Goths, Vandals, Saxons, Jutes and Angles and other Germanic tribes, then Slavs and others too. They were – according to history – forced to move by other tribes. History don't say much about why this migration period came about in the first place though, why the first tribes started to migrate, pushing others to do the same. We do however know why the Scandinavians started to move about in the Viking Age, and we know that they were not forced to move by other migrating tribes: They started to move about because of the aggression of Judeo-Christians in the south. Yes, interestingly, the "moving about" of tribes correspond well only with the spread of Judeo-Christianity in Europe... After Southern Europe had been Christianized, the spread of Judeo-Christianity came first to Western Europe, then to Eastern Europe, then finally to Northern Europe. And wherever it came the tribes started to "migrate".

Rather than tell us what happened in this time of "demographic decline", historians today just – safely – state that "we don't know". It's a Dark Age....

That is of course very convenient for the Judeo-Christians, whose historians basically say that: "Judeo-Christianity rose in the Roman Empire in spite of the cruel and unjust persecution by the emperors, then the Roman Empire fell (because of pressure from "barbarians", must say: not because of the disruptive, criminal and destructive work of Judeo-Christians inside the Roman Empire....) and after a few hundred years of historical darkness, that we don't know much about, most of Europe emerged Judeo-Christian."

We have written sources describing how the Romans, the Scandinavians, the Balts and the Finns resisted the Christianization violently, but conveniently we have no sources describing how the other Europeans reacted (but we are told to believe that the other European tribes were simply converted....because the message of "Jesus" is so true and

convincing, of course). We just know that they started to "migrate" and that there was "demographic decline" in Europe at the time. And then when history was being recorded again they were all Judeo-Christians. Hallelujah!

Sigh.

Let me tell you what I think happened: The Judeo-Christians destroyed the Roman Empire from within, and whilst doing so the "barbarian" peoples of Europe defended themselves, from the Judeo-Christian poison coming from the Roman Empire, by attacking the Roman Empire – just like the Scandinavians defended themselves from the same poison a few hundred years later, in the Viking Age, by attacking mainly the Judeo-Christian missionary centers (i. e. monasteries) in Judeo-Christian Europe.

The conversion of Europeans was – as described in the later Scandinavian Viking Age sources – by means of threats, violence, torture, hostage taking, child abduction and murder. The Judeo-Christians operated the most ruthless, violent and cruel mafias, with the Pope and the Great Patriarch as the godfathers, and gained power in the same manner as criminal organisations today gain power.

This caused entire tribes to migrate, to flee from their terror, in an attempt to get away from them. So the Saxons, the Jutes, the Angles, the Belgae etc. fled to "Pagan" lands, the British Isles. Others charged head on, and sacked Rome (again...). Yet others moved entirely out of Europe, like the Vandals.

When the Judeo-Christian *sicarii*-like mob came to Scandinavia, just before the Viking Age, this was *the reason* for the sudden "Viking" activity, and only then came "The Viking Age", and many there too fled, to Ireland, to Scotland, to Iceland and even to the Americas, to where the Judeo-Christians were weak or where they had no power at all, or they charged head on and sacked the monasteries from whence the terrorists came, and cut them down like the genocidal criminals they were.

Yes, I think the 'demographic decline' in Europe from year 400 to 800 was the result of a genocide perpetrated by the Judeo-Christians. They were terrorizing and killing Europeans *en masse*, men and women, young and old, boys and girls, and even infants – and we don't know about this because they covered up their crime by – conveniently –erasing 400 years of written history. And they could do that: They wrote this history themselves, they kept the books themselves, in their monasteries. Getting rid of these books was no problem. So they did (and they still do the same, even to the events we have experienced in our own age: They erase or re-write history as they see fit).

To us it's just a dark age, that we "know nothing about", and then we are supposed to believe that Europe accepted Judeo-Christianity willingly, without resistance. The Viking Age is written off as the fruits of Scandinavian "barbarism" and "Pagan aggression", and the Roman resistance was just absurd, and only a result of ignorance. "They even accused the Judeo-Christians of cannibalism, ha ha ha". How ridiculous. Right?

The hard facts are that Europe after the Christianization and before the Renaissance is referred to by modern scientists (including archaeologists) like this: "general demographic decline, limited building activity and material cultural achievements in general." These are the fruits of Judeo-Christianity. Europe before Judeo-Christianity was prosperous, scientifically advanced, educated, healthy, spiritually advanced, culturally advanced and artistically advanced, and all of this did only return to Europe with the Renaissance, the beginning of the end of Judeo-Christianity in Europe, when Europe started to find back to its own roots. Europe started the long walk back to life, after having suffered in the Judeo-Christian darkness for so long.

The Light of the Dark Ages

The early Dark Ages were much lighter than we give them credit for, but they were also much darker than we give them credit for. Because a part of Europe was "Pagan" and had Light, whilst another part had fallen to the Christian aggressors and thus had only Darkness. The peoples in Northern Europe, who had not yet been exposed to the Christian wave of cultural destruction and genocide, thrived during the early Dark Ages.

There was even much gold in Northern Europe at the time, and they got their gold from the Romans, probably just like the Vikings got their gold from the Christians a few centuries later. Because the Viking Age – the defense war against the aggressive, murderous and maniacal Christians – started much earlier than we normally think. Even the "barbarians" sacking Rome in late Antiquity were in reality fighting against the genocidal, internationalist madmen of Rome, and should be counted as the first (land based) "Vikings".

Into the Sea... and Back again?

The Sun is everything for us. We can not exist without her. She rises in the East every day and travels across the firmament to the West, where she sets in the sea.

Along the Western coast of Scandinavia they used to build settlements in locations where they could see the Sun rise over a mountain top in the East. These mountains were seen as sacred and bore names such as Solberg, Solbjørg or other similar names meaning "Sun Mountain". These settlements were also built near lakes or rivers, with names connected to Moon deities, such as *Skanþan (No. Skaði). *Skanþan was a Moon god of the mountains and mountain rivers, so he was naturally married to the sea goddess, *NerþuR. The water in the rivers runs into the sea, after all. They are one.

*Sôwili and *Manan, the Sun and the Moon, always appeared together, as a natural pair. Together they made up the palms of the Sky God, *TîwaR. Together they also made up the eyes of

*WôðanaR, and thus made him the aspect of the Sky God connected to both the realm of the living and the realm of the dead. He has one eye on the Sky and one eye in the realm of death at all time. He thus knows the runes (i. e. secrets), of the dead and the living.

Our minds see into our living world, but also into the realm of death. We remember death every day, and suffer our 'little death' every night too, when we go to sleep, and wonder why it has to end one day for good. Some look forward to it. Others try not to think about it. Some fear it. Others don't.

Death doesn't trouble me. I have already done enough and seen enough to die satisfied. I fear more the return to life than I do death: when I join the Sun into the sea of forgetfulness, into the realm of death, and forget all that has been, what will I see when I return one day? Will I regret having come back? Will I harvest all the suffering and misery we sow today?

So I try to sow the good and just in Europe today, the pure and enlightened, the kind and warm, the healthy and beautiful; the European.

I might never return, but that doesn't matter; thinking I might do will for sure help those who come after me, because it will make me work for a future for them, and I will eventually fade away knowing I did something good. What else can we expect as a reward from life? What else would anybody want? What better reward could anybody ask for?

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